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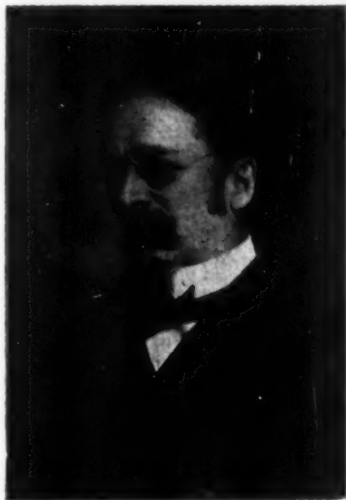
THE WORK OF FISK UNIVERSITY

ONE OF THE GREATEST INSTITUTIONS IN THE SOUTH
FOR TEACHING HIGH IDEALS

BY JAMES G. MERRILL

Nashville, Tenn.

Fisk University was founded in 1866. It received its name from Gen. Clinton B. Fisk. At the very first, Chaplain Cravath, president of the univer-



REV. JAMES G. MERRILL, D. D.
President of Fisk University.

sity for more than twenty-five years, announced that the institution would afford to the Colored youth all the education they would show themselves able to acquire and make use of. This policy time has amply vindicated.

The institution occupies a commanding position and with its thirty-five acres of land affords an ideal campus. Prof. George E. White, by sending out a company of Jubilee Singers, as he christened them, who sang in all the northern states, in the British Isles, and on the continent of Europe, after having been gone seven years brought back \$150,000, with which Jubilee Hall was builded and the balance due on the campus was paid, and the institution gained an international reputation.

Since these early days the school has moved forward with an even, constant growth. There are now upon its campus eight substantial and commodious buildings. Its property is valued at \$350,000. It has an incipient endowment of about \$60,000. It catalogues over 500 students.

During its existence Fisk has sent out nearly 500 graduates from its normal and college departments. It keeps a close tally of its alumni, and is able to show that its graduates are working along the lines that they have been educated to follow. The social conditions of the South, separating the Negro from the Caucasian, afford the Negro an opportunity among his own that would have been denied him had he to come in competition with the educated white man. As teacher, doctor, lawyer, dentist, druggist, business man, educated farmer and clergyman, he cannot fail to secure a livelihood, and an opportunity to become a leader

with large following. To read each year the revised roster of Fisk graduates is ample justification of the farsighted statesmanship of its founders.

The curriculum of Fisk is such that its graduates from the college department are admitted as post-graduates at Yale and Harvard without examination, and, in more instances than one, those who have entered the professional schools of Harvard and Yale

A choir of seventy-five voices has a weekly drill in sacred music for the use of public worship in the Sabbath services and the study of the works of the great masters. They have taken up the "Messiah," "Elijah," "Stabat Mater," "St. Paul," and for two years have done hard work in connection with Ccleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha."

Nearly every year noted musicians



LIVINGSTONE HALL, FISK UNIVERSITY.

have led their classes. The chief aim at Fisk, however, is not scholarship. Manhood is its goal. Christian men and women are its product. It is the purpose of the faculty to send forth no one who is unworthy of confidence or incapacitated to be a leader.

As the years go by the normal department is made stronger. It now covers five years instead of four, peculiar emphasis having been laid upon the study of English.

Drill under the eye of the principal of the Pedagogical school assists the young practice-teacher in handling classes and imparting instruction.

The course laid down in the Music department requires eight years of study. There are very few who complete it. Those who do are in instant demand. Ten times as many as are here fitted for places would be readily and profitably employed.

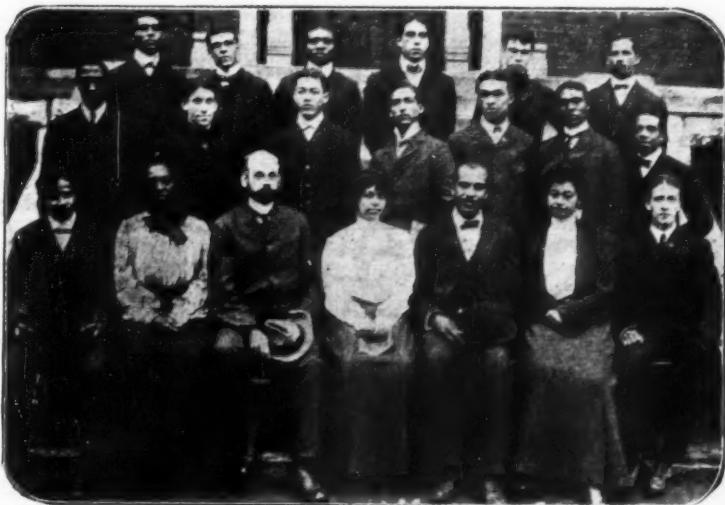
from the North, at a nominal cost, afford the University the benefit of piano and organ recitals. He is a dull pupil who spends much time in the musical atmosphere of Fisk University without rising above the frivolous, not to say degrading, music that is popular North as well as South.

Graduates of Amherst, Ann Arbor, Carlton, Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard, Holyoke, Oberlin, Smith, Syracuse, Wellesley, Wesleyan, Yale and other well-known colleges have been upon the faculty. These teachers have been actuated by a missionary and philanthropic spirit which has held subordinate the matter of emolument or the securing of renown. To shape character has been a higher aim than to train the intellect. To keep, at the highest point attainable, the intellectual life of the school is a goal never lost sight of during the nine and a

half months of school year, but never day, nor night, is the moral and religious well-being of the student body ignored.

Of late there has been added to the faculty a re-enforcement made up of Fisk's own graduates, men of ability and scholastic acquirements, who have made it evident that they possess the loftiest ideals of their alma mater. The

Fisk does not see his parents for five, six and even seven years, a hardship peculiarly trying to a race whose family ties are strong. Nothing is more delightful than the graduating days, when the pride of the parents, in view of the son's honor, is matched by the devoted attention of the child to parents who, in form and feature, are at so great a remove from the young



GRADUATING CLASS OF 1905 OF FISK UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

student body of Fisk comes from a score and a half of states.

Quite naturally the life of a student at Fisk is a very strenuous one. He is usually poor—often very poor. He works from October to the middle of June at his books and the tasks assigned to him by the university. His vacation is, as one of the boys has said, a "workation." He is found as a porter on the sleeping or dining car, a waiter at a summer resort, working as some trade that he has knowledge of, teaching school—in fact, anything that will afford him an honest penny. To secure these "jobs" he usually has to incur the expense of going North, as wages are exceedingly low for unskilled labor in the South. For this reason many a time a student at

graduate. The receptiveness and docility of the student body is a constant inspiration to the teacher. The university is dissatisfied with its work unless each graduate has a distinct and avowed purpose to bless his race.

Dr. Washington Gladden, who was Commencement orator in 1903, after listening to the six representatives of a college class of twenty-two, wrote: "I believe in the absolute necessity of the higher education for the Negro; and I believe that the higher education which he receives should be the highest education—that the equipment which we give to the leaders of the Negro race should be the best possible. Their scholars should be good scholars; their doctors should be just as well trained as white doctors; their

lawyers should know just as much law and just as much logic and just as much history and political science as white lawyers know; their preachers should be men of power and their journalists men of breadth. The kind of men that Fisk is sending out will meet this demand, as I believe. I have certainly never heard a better commencement program in any college

released from the support of its oldest and largest institution, it would be able to devote more to its younger growing schools.

Were the salaries at Fisk equal to those paid for like work in similar institutions in the North, the above named endowment would at least be one-third too small, while a greatly needed enlargement of the work of



The dots show where Fisk Graduates are working.

than the one I listened to last summer in Nashville."

Fisk has been maintained chiefly by the American Missionary Association. It has appropriated more than a million of dollars for the university.

Of late years the money received from tuition, has increased until it is now nearly enough to pay one-quarter of the cost of the school department. The boarding department, with its nearly three hundred boarders, is sufficient to pay for itself, and before the late rise in provisions afforded a slight revenue to the institution.

The incipient endowment adds slightly to the income of the school, but more than one-third of the expenses connected with the school must be solicited each year at the North. As at present managed, the university could be carried on independent of the American Missionary Association did it have an endowment of \$300,000. If the Association were

the university would make an endowment of a million dollars none too large.

A map of the United States dotted by the names of places where Fisk graduates are working is an interesting sociological study. They are found most densely congregated where they are most needed. The occupation of the graduates is significant.

Here it will be seen that the vocation which is most potent in shaping communities is most often entered upon. It is estimated that from 15,000 to 20,000 Colored youth are yearly taught by those who have received their equipment to teach at Fisk University. All through the Southland are schools typed, as far as it is possible so to do, after the alma mater that has given their ideals to the teachers of these schools both in city and country.

Of late a large number of the young men have become physicians or dent-

ists and druggists. To scatter through the South, Christian men of high ideals in any or all of these vocations promises the best things possible for the people whom they serve—a promise which has had large fulfillment.

The ministers educated at Fisk University are found in all evangelical denominations. They hold no second place in their churches. But perhaps the most pervasive and beneficent influence exerted by Fisk University has come through the refined Christian homes presided over by liberally educated men and women. Quite naturally those who are associated in college life form life alliances, and greatly does Fisk rejoice in a son whose rank as a scholar along sociological lines has world-wide recognition; in another who is dean of an important department in a well-known university; in others, who, as clergymen, have a large following and wield wide

influence; in others who, as physicians, have a large practice, lucrative, and, what is far better, on a high moral plane; of others who have won success as lawyers; but even more than these are they who, like the gifted wife of the principal of Tuskegee, are at the head of Christian homes. In no other way than through such homes is the welfare of the Negro of America to be secured.

In the light of the life of the university it is not to be wondered at that a leading Southern gentleman, the pastor of the largest Southern Presbyterian church of Nashville, said at the funeral of President Cravath, our first president, "If the spirit which breathed in President Cravath, lived in his work, and is represented by you who constitute Fisk University, obtained throughout the South and North, there would be no race question."

MAKE THE NAME "NIGGER" HONORABLE

BY T. N. CARVER

Harvard University

There is no instance in history of a race that has achieved an honorable position in the world until it had developed a feeling of race pride and race solidarity. In my opinion the greatest present weakness of the Colored race in America is the lack of this feeling. Instead of race pride, there is an undue sensitiveness on the subject, and something bordering very closely on shame. This is shown by the fact that many members of the Colored race desire to separate themselves from other members of the same race, and to force their way into association with members of the white race. There may be no harm in this considered by itself, but when we consider it in connection with the general problem of race development it is a fact to be lamented.

Another symptom of the same weakness is the frequent attempt of Colored men to judge the actions of members of their own race by the

standard set by the white race. If, for example, it is said that there is immorality among the Colored people, the statement is frequently resented and the question is asked, Is there not also immorality among the white race? This indicates that such people are satisfied if the Colored people merely live up to the standard set by the white people. Instead of that they ought to have standards and ideals of their own, and not be satisfied until they have lived up to those standards. The strongest symptom of all is found in the fact that so many members of the Colored race resent any name or term which may be used to designate them as a class apart from the rest of the community. Why should a Colored man resent the name of "Nigger?" True it is a term of derision. So was the term "Yankee" originally, but New Englanders did not resent that name. They accepted it; they have made it an honorable

rather than a dishonorable name. The name "Methodist" was at one time a term of derision, but the people called Methodist did not resent the name and insist that they were not Methodists; they adopted the name and made it an honorable one. And I venture to assert that the Colored race will never achieve a position that is distinctly honorable until they follow the same plan and accept whatever name may be given them. What does a name signify anyway? I am not urging Colored men to adopt the name "Nigger," but I think it would be better to adopt it than to resent it. I would urge them at least to absolutely cease paying attention to names and devote their energies to the task of making whatever name is given them an honorable one. That can only be done by achieving good results, making themselves valuable members of society, adopting a standard of conduct and an ideal of life for the Colored race, and living up to that standard and that ideal, and seeing to it that it is a higher standard and a higher ideal, if possible, than the white race itself lives up to. By all means they

should not be contented with comparing themselves with any other race whatsoever.

To live up to this advice would, I admit, require a high type of heroism. It was not an easy victory for the early Christians to make the title Christian an honorable one. It was at first a term of derision, and for the first few generations of Christians it must have been a heavy burden to bear the social ostracism and the general contempt which went with the name Christian. But if they had denied the name, or resented it in any way, Christianity would probably have died out, or have remained in a dishonorable state. But when the primitive Christians proudly accepted the name, and lived lives which in the course of time compelled respect and admiration, the name itself speedily lost its original significance and came to be a proud title. Can the Colored race in America set for itself a higher standard than that of making the name "Nigger" a proud title? Can it achieve that result? He who doubts it has a poorer opinion of the qualities and capacities of the race than he who believes it.

AN ANALOGY OF PROGRESS.

(From the Christian Register.)

There was once a famous prize-fighter who outlived the fierce enthusiasm of the prize ring, and became disgusted with its brutality. He determined to live a better life, but his moral outlook was limited and his upward course had peculiar aspects, for he reasoned and acted in this way: First, he gave up the physical brutality of the prize-fighter. Then he opened a liquor saloon, thinking he had taken an upward step, because he no longer inflicted physical injuries with his own hand. Then he became aware of moral degradation caused by his indiscriminate sale of liquors. Again he took what seemed to him an upward step in the moral life. He opened a gambling room in which, as he said, a straight game

was played. Now he earned his living without physical violence, without tempting his fellows to drunkenness, by the exercise of purely intellectual faculties. He was an honest gambler who took his profits from an open game honestly played. In the last hundred years similar transformations have taken place on a large scale in the world of business. From piracy and the slave trade, once "financed" by men of respectable social standing, on to the refinements of legalized robbery, the steps are similar to those taken by the reformed prize fighter.

"This is what the shoe-maker threw at his wife:

Owen Moore came to town one day;
Owing more than he could pay;
Owen Moore left town that day—
Owen Moore."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLORED WOMEN

BY CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

Cleveland, Ohio

In order to facilitate the growth of the very excellent work undertaken by the National Association of Colored Women, it was deemed advisable to establish in certain sections where conditions seemed to demand it, section federations. There are at present two of these section federations, the Northeastern Federation and the Southern Federation. Speaking of the Southern Federation, Mrs. Booker T. Washington, the president, says: "Club work in the Black Belt has come to stay. Its influence is radiating and we venture the assertion that outside of the schools, the strongest educative refining force will be found in this club work."

"The clubs of the Southern Federation have taken into account the home-life of thousands from the Mason and Dixon's line to the Gulf. Within the past six years, no uncertain note has been sounded as to the aim or purpose of the work in hand, and the ready determinate response of the mothers, sisters and wives in these states, has been more than encouraging."

Mrs. A. W. Hunton of Atlanta, Ga., is chairman of the executive board of this strong organization. She is a brilliant woman and has done her share in bringing the Southern Federation to its present plane of usefulness. It is with much pleasure that we present to our readers Mrs. Addie Hunton, and the following letter, telling something of the Southern Federation and its work:

Knowledge of the admirable spirit and purpose of club work among Colored women throughout the country is now quite generally disseminated. The National Association of Colored Women, by its fulfilment of the high principles for which the organization was founded has won the high respect and commendation of all lovers of

progressive movements. Local clubs have come into existence in every part of the country, and these, in order that they might exert a more powerful and more beneficent influence, have sought a closer relationship in state and sectional federations. Everywhere, some Colored women have realized either through experi-



MRS. W. A. HUNTON.

ence or observation the value and effectiveness of club work as a solvent for many of these problems. So general, indeed, has the club movement become among Colored women that we are apt to think of it as pretty well advanced in years, whereas the truth is that the most vigorous outgrowth of this movement is still in its youth.

The southern Colored women were not slow in imbibing the club spirit,

and even in those cities where the club idea had not penetrated there were women who realized the need of a steadiness, depth, breadth and firmness in the discussion and disposition of the serious difficulties that beset them that could not be commanded single-handed. This need forced itself so persistently upon them that in 1899, under the leadership of that indefatigable worker, Mrs. B. T. Washington, the Southern Federation of Colored Women was organized at Montgomery, Ala. This organization is somewhat unique in the originality and directness of its methods. Its membership is not based upon club representation, it enrolls intelligent mothers, sisters or wives, as well as teachers, who have no club affiliation aside from that with the Southern Federation itself. In fact it is composed of that body of Colored women at the south, who in the dark of a bitter oppression and discrimination, are working earnestly to see the skies brightening with a promise of a better day. Every phase of life and labor that has the slightest weight in the solving of the problems affecting the destiny of the black man at the south receives its earnest and attention.

The Southern Federation feels honored in paying its highest allegiance to the National Association as the great fountain-head of knowledge and inspiration, and, yet representing as it does the interests of every section of the country, it cannot touch very minutely those vital issues whose foundations are laid in the south, and in which are wrapped in the life of the race.

The Southern Federation has awakened state after state to the duty of organization for power to surmount or circumvent the great mountains of difficulties that are before them. Meetings have been held in Montgomery, Atlanta, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Jacksonville, and a meeting was called off at Little Rock this year only because so soon after the great St. Louis meeting the women did not feel themselves able to attend another. However, through committee and individual effort, the work for the estab-

lishment of kindergartens, day nurseries, homes for outcasts, the fight against the opium, whiskey and excursion habits, the warfare in behalf of better homes, schools and churches, and that highest of all attributes, a better motherhood, goes bravely on. With the spread of local clubs and state federations the work of the Southern Federation will be less needed. In fact, when every state in the south shall have formed itself for systematic and consecrated federation work, the mission of the Southern Federation will have been gloriously accomplished. Until then, it will go on seeking for light, strength and wisdom to perform its special work.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CHARLES STREET A. M. E. CHURCH.

By J. M. Henderson.

The First African Methodist Episcopal church of Boston, Mass., now located at the corner of Charles and Mt. Vernon streets, was organized in 1836, and for many years was located on Anderson street.

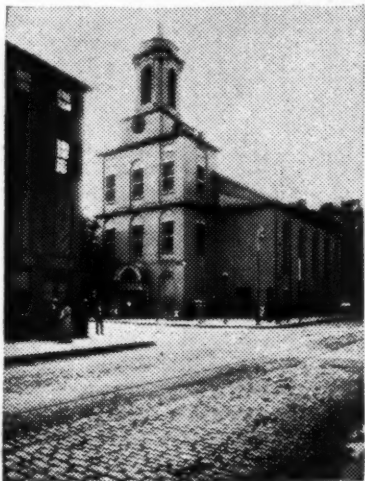
The local society is connected with the oldest denomination of Negroes in the world, the A. M. E. church, which numbers more than seven hundred thousand members. The A. M. E. church was founded in 1787 by Richard Allen at Philadelphia, Pa. It now extends to every portion of America and has strong societies in the West Indies and more than two hundred thousand followers in Africa.

The doctrines are the same as those of the Methodist Episcopal church; the polity is also the same except in such details as have been modified by varied conditions peculiar to the work of the denomination.

The fundamental principle of the A. M. E. church is that stated in its motto, "Man our Brother." It is, perhaps, the only great religious organization of the race which has never allowed the consideration of prevailing popular sentiment to modify its course. It has never sought and seldom has received aid from the white brethren. It is purely dependent upon God and its members. It teaches that one dollar given by a member for

church work is of more value in the end than one hundred dollars from outside sources.

The society in Boston numbers about five hundred active members who during the year ending in April, 1905, attended services and contributed to the support of the church. The adherents of the society number more than one thousand.



CHARLES ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

For many years the pastors have been selected by the bishops from among the most experienced ministers of the church.

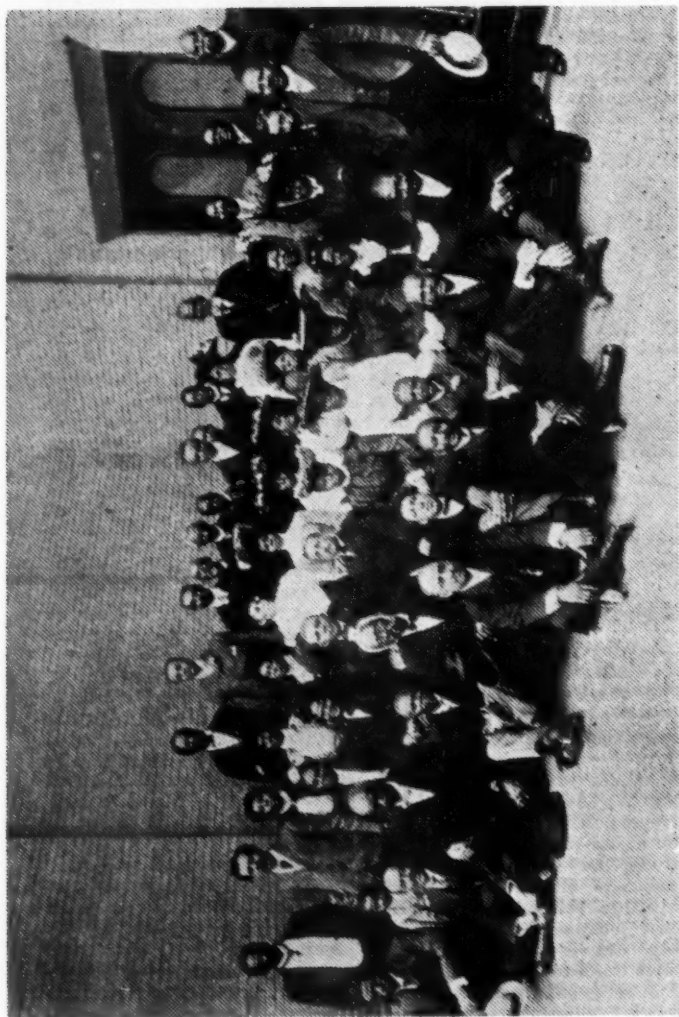
During the past ten years a number of Baptist churches have been organized in the city and the Colored population has shifted its residence to the South End so that there are not more than forty members of the Charles Street church within walking distance of the present location. This has largely affected the work of the church as relates to its ordinary meetings during the week, but the congregations on Sunday number an average at both services of about six hundred and on events of particular interest reach twelve hundred.

The church has but a very small debt, and for a number of years it has simply paid the interest on it, but has

now decided to pay it off. The average receipts and disbursements of money amount each year to about five thousand and five hundred dollars. This is obtained by contributions from the members and from public collections to which attendants contribute and makes the average required from a member less than ten dollars a year. The public collections amount to more than fifteen hundred dollars a year from the offerings of friends who are not communicants.

The present pastor, J. M. Henderson, M. D., intends to go out west to his native state this year. He has served two years and with great success along all lines. He has been very radical and decided in his methods and is a careful and efficient organizer, and the society is in splendid condition for great work. Complete and itemized reports of the work have been printed and given to the members and friends so that they will be able to more intelligently distribute their labors and money in the future. Dr. J. M. Henderson was born, reared and educated in the west, but has served the A. M. E. church in the south, east and north, and has been pastor of many of the leading churches of the race. The property which he bought at New York is now worth more than one hundred thousand dollars. Among the leading officers are Samuel Hodges, E. P. Tucker, Geo. D. Henson, Samuel Griffin, J. T. Murray, David Smith, Isaac Sanders, Theodore Gould, Charlotte E. France, Mary Harrington and J. H. Hawkins, superintendent of the Sunday school.

A member of the Georgia legislature has come out with the declaration that at the next session he will push a bill for the regulation of child labor, the practices in the cotton mills being specially aimed at. The declaration appears to have met with encouraging indorsement, and there seems some ground for hoping that this stigma, caused by the inhuman employment of children in the mills, may be removed from Georgia's name.



OFFICERS OF CHARLES STREET A. M. E. CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

THE NEGRO AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

FROM McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New York City

There is a little Colored chap at Harvard of whom the Boston Globe made this announcement:

"One of the most interesting features of the recent election of its class-day officers and committees by the seniors at Harvard was the appointing of William Clarence Matthews, the young Colored student, who is best known to the public as a short-stop on the 'varsity nine for three years, and as an end-rush in the last football game against Yale, to the important position as a member of the committee which will conduct the business department of classday next June.

"This honor, however, did not come to Matthews as a reward for his abilities as an athlete, or for the important parts he has taken in Harvard's baseball successes, but comes to him rather as a signal recognition by his fellow-classmen of the place he has made for himself during his four years at Harvard.

"Matthews is the first Colored man the seniors of the university have chosen to a place on one of the honorary class committees. And this distinction has come to him as a real reward of merit. He has worked his way through the university, practically completing his four years' course in three years; and when he is graduated with his class next June, he will have completed a year's work in the Harvard law school. By being placed on the committee he has been made to feel that Harvard has treated him as a man, not as a white man, not as a black man, but as a man, no more, no less, and given him what he earned."

Matthews is a product of Tuskegee, where he fitted himself for Phillips Andover. At preparatory school he had to work hard to earn his way, yet he found time to play both football and baseball, and was captain of the nine his senior year. At Harvard he had a

Price-Greenleaf Aid, paying \$200 his freshman year, but since then has had no scholarship. As at Andover he has worked his way, doing what he could during the college year, acting as "screen boy" in Memorial hall, and working steadily during the summer in hotels, or on Pullman sleeping cars. This year he has taught in one of the North Cambridge night schools. For seven seasons he could have earned much money by playing with semi-professional teams, but this he has refused to do.

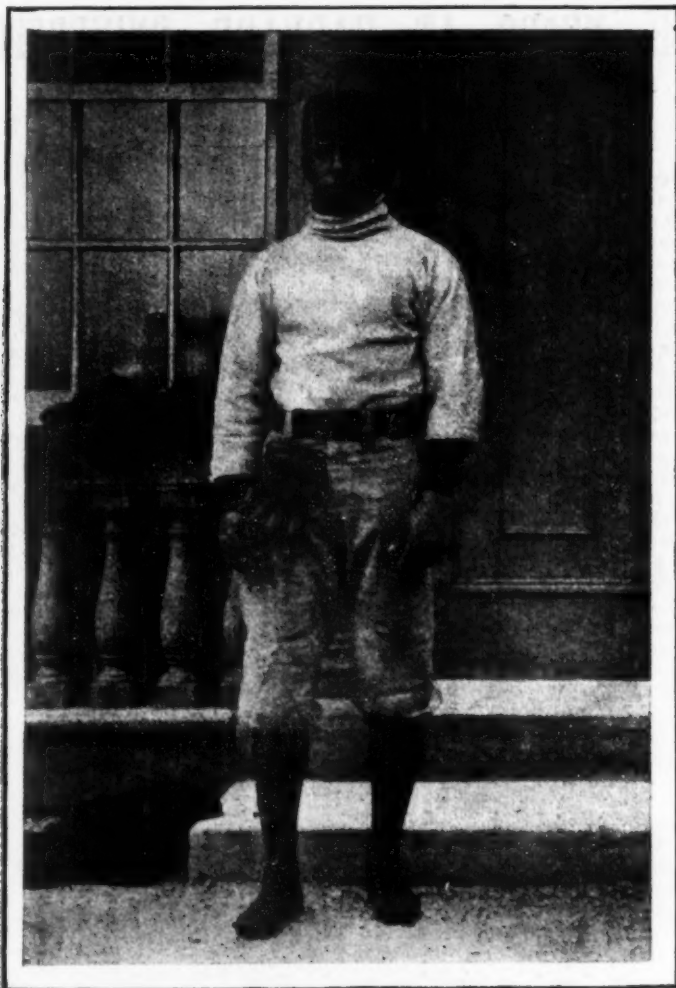
Here is a man who, to maintain his standing as an amateur, has repeatedly refused offers of \$40 per week and board to play semi-professional baseball in summer. He had the example of many contemporaneous college ball players, who were accepting "indirect" compensation in an underhand way. But he has kept his record clean, and his, it is sad to state, is an exceptional case. From the time he arrived as an athlete, he might have made \$1500 by his athletic ability—as other college "amateurs" have done; but he chose instead hard work, with much less compensation, and remains an amateur today.

Moreover, he has not been the recipient of "inducements" to enter, or remain in, college, and he has worked for what he has received. He does not believe in the practice of assisting athletes, as these words prove:

"The trouble with accepting favors of this kind to help one through college is, that in the end you find that they have made you dependent."

Here is the answer to those who advocate the indirect subsidizing of athletes:

"Mr. Washington taught us at Tuskegee," Matthews continued, "that the best help a man can get is an opportunity to help himself."—From McClure's Magazine for June, 1905.



WILLIAM C. MATTHEWS.

Permission of McClure's Magazine. (Photograph by Pach.)

HARRIET TUBMAN.

(By F. B. Sanborn.)

One of the serviceable heroines of the period before the civil war, and during its continuance, Mrs. Harriet Tubman of Auburn, N. Y., is now visiting her friends of the ante-war time

in this vicinity, before her return to Auburn, as she thinks, for the last time. Araminta Ross, as she was named, the child of Benjamin Ross and Harriet Green—her father a free Colored man and a ship carpenter of the eastern shore of Maryland, but her mother a slave, was born near Cam-

bridge, Md., at some time near 1820, as she guesses—for she was never taught to read and write, and does not know her own birthday, any more than Frederick Douglass did, who was born near the same region. She is, therefore, between 85 and 90 now, and has long been an invalid; but still is comparatively active, and for many years has maintained a small home for Colored persons, her own kindred



AUNT HARRIET TUBMAN.

and others, in the suburbs of Auburn, on seven acres of land which she bought of W. H. Seward for \$100 an acre before the war, as a home for her old parents, whom she brought away from Maryland just before the outbreak of the rebellion. She had before brought away between 100 and 200 fugitive slaves, most of whom she saw safely delivered either in Canada, where she lived for some years after 1851, or in the free states. She was a friend of John Brown, who visited her in Canada in 1858, and whom she met again in Boston in the early summer of 1859.

During the war she was sent down to Beaufort, S. C., by Gov. Andrew and his friends in Boston, and there rendered much service, in 1863, as a

scout and a missionary of freedom among the "contrabands" as the slaves were then called. She accompanied Col. Montgomery and his Colored regiment in an expedition up the Combahee river, near the Sea islands, which brought away more than 700 of these freedmen, many of whom enlisted in the Union army. She was with Col. Shaw before his fatal assault on Fort Wagner, and remained in Carolina and Florida for some time afterward. She was present at the dedication of the Shaw memorial in Boston some years ago, and was here this year, on Decoration day, visiting at the Harriet Tubman home, 37 Holyoke street, Boston, which was named for her.

At her great age, and with her most unselfish habits—devoting to others of her own people all the money she has earned or received—she is now dependent on the gifts of her acquaintances.

DR. J. ROBERT NORREL, RICHMOND, IND.

Dr. James Robert Norrel of Richmond, Indiana, is one of the most enterprising as well as successful physicians of that thriving city. He has attended such institutions of learning as Wilberforce university, Oberlin college and the Cleveland (Ohio) Medical college, from which institution he was graduated in 1898. After spending a number of years in the south practicing his profession he came north again and settled in Richmond where he has built up a splendid practice among all classes. He goes to the homes of the high and low, in the parlors as well as the lowest tenement houses, whether there is money in the visit or not, he goes. He boasts that he has never denied any one his personal services. The people of his city know him well, love him, trust him and honor him, as is demonstrated by the fact that he was appointed city physician in less than eleven months after locating here, which position he resigned April 18, 1905, to accept an appointment under Mayor W. W. Zimmerman as a member of the board of health for city of Richmond, he being the only Negro member of the board,

and it may be truthfully said without contradiction that he is the only Negro in Indiana to be honored with this position, and possibly the only one in the United States.

He has made money right along and invested it wisely. He owns a handsome residence on South Ninth street which is one of the most popular residential thoroughfares in the city. His

templeman, he is an ever welcome visitor in the homes of his patrons and his host of friends.

No sketch of Dr. Norrel would be complete that did not include some reference to his relation as husband and to the influence of his wife on his young manhood. At the early age of 24 he married Miss Belle C. Bennett, a teacher in Eminence public school.



DR. J. ROBERT NORREL.

office, library and instruments will compare favorably with the best in the state. His horses and vehicles are of the best.

In personal appearance Dr. Norrel is of medium size, with clear-cut, scholarly features, and possesses a most winning address. With quick tact and warm sympathy, he knows how to approach and win men. Having a rich social nature, a kindly disposition, and the polish of a true gen-

This was a most happy union, and it is but just to say that Mrs. Norrel is a large factor in the rapid progress and advancement of her husband. She is what may be termed a typical physician's wife.

Dr. Norrel is a good example of what a young man can be, in spite of the greatest opposition. He is a hard worker and uses all of his power to elevate the race and to bless mankind.

DR. ROBERT C. OGDEN AND HIS WORK

BY R. L. STOKES

The New York Age

The morbid luxury of brooding over our wrongs we have abandoned ourselves much too exclusively. We have suffered ourselves to be so engrossed with the occasional injuries done us as to overlook some momentous tendencies of which we are beneficiaries. We stare into the darkness and groan in despair: "Alas, will it always be night?" and do not see that behind us the day is already dawning. The names of Tillman, Vardaman and Davis are our household words; but how many of us are acquainted with the achievements of the southern and general education boards and of the conference for education in the south? Yet it may be asserted without hyperbole that among all the forces which make for the good of our race and our country these organizations are pre-eminent, and that Mr. Robert C. Ogden, the dominant personality in them since the lamented death of William H. Baldwin, Jr., is one of the most useful citizens of the United States. For the purpose of these bodies is nothing less than the uplifting, by means of education, of all the people, white and black, of the vast and backward south.

The conference for education in the south was organized in 1898 by southern men, who followed the suggestion of a New England clergyman and the example of the Lake Mohonk Indian conference. The motive of the conference was the passionate longing of several noble souls, of whom the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry was the leader, to ameliorate the wretched educational condition of the south, a condition produced by slavery and the ravages of the civil war. This air of the conference its members have sought to perform by quickening among themselves

altruistic and patriotic educational ideals. Its methods resemble those of our National Negro Business league which is not engaged in practical business, but which has, by its spiritual influence, stimulated into life a great number of new business enterprises and rejuvenated many old ones. Conference has no money to bestow. Its own expenses are defrayed by private generosity. Its instruments are not dollars but earnest minds aglow with its spirit. It is a significant fact that this conference, founded by and predominantly composed of southern men, has for several years elected Mr. Ogden, a northern man, as its president.

The conference entertains high ideals and has been successful to a remarkable extent in realizing them. It has made the cause of popular education almost a religion in the south. In fact a new evangel has been proclaimed and ardently acknowledged: "By education ye shall be saved." Notwithstanding the rabid attacks which some southern newspapers have made upon the "Ogden party," the campaigns which it has conducted have in many cases overtopped the campaigns of politics in popular interest.

The southern education board was proposed at the meeting of the conference at Winston-Salem, N. C., in 1901, and in November of that year was formally organized. Like the conference, the southern board has no funds at its disposal and seeks to exert its influence by stimulating the people to self-uplifting. It is a step nearer the masses than is the conference. The latter deals with the leaders in education of the whole south; the former, through its field agents, deal directly with the people them-

selves. This board, in the words of Mr. Ogden, its president, carries "forward persistently a campaign for popular education in the public schools; striving to awaken in the minds, especially of rural communities, a knowledge of educational needs, a longing for improved conditions and a willingness to pay by contribution, taxation, or both, for the advantages which are the right of every American child."

A few months after the institution of the southern board the general education board was inaugurated. Unlike the other two organizations, this board is primarily a distributing agent and trustee of such moneys as are entrusted to it by endowers of southern education. It holds a national charter and maintains a bureau of information concerning all educational institutions, white and black, in the south. It protects donors from appeals of doubtful character and affords to worthy institutions immense encouragement and inspiration. Of this board, too, Mr. Ogden is president.

These three organizations serve, each in its own way, their common motto: "Service to the State Through the Child." Ultimately they are solving the race problem: (1) By educating the Negro children; (2) by educating the southern white children; and (3) by bringing the best white men of the south and the best white men of the north into cordial harmony with each other.

The efficacy of Negro education as a solvent of the race problem is universally acknowledged. But the education of the white south will be a solvent still more potent, because the race problem, as far as the southern white man is concerned, is largely subjective.

The Afro-American people have looked askance at the fraternizing southern and northern men in the organization which Mr. Ogden leads. We have witnessed, with high alarm and indignation, what seemed to us the apostasy of northern men to their principles under the corrupting influence of southern hospitality and vehemence. We have heard that at Richmond and Birmingham the mea-

sures of Reconstruction were lamented by northern men as "a wooden bridge over a river of fire." But we have overlooked the fact that the representatives of the south have surrendered in their turn still more important positions. The belief of the southern members of the conference of Negro education is sincere and passionate. Bishop Galloway of Mississippi, in his address at Birmingham, took the highest possible grounds of justice and of Christianity in advocating the education of the black man, and was applauded throughout the south. Is not this a tremendous advance in 45 years? In 1860 it was a crime in every slave-holding state to teach a Negro to read.

Prof. Max Mueller says that those who educate a people have always been its real masters, though they may go by a more modest name. Mr. Ogden, then, is the administrator of a mighty empire, the sunlit and broad-lying empire of the south. Besides his connection with the three organizations discussed above, he is president of the board of trustees of Hampton institute, the pioneer of industrial education in this country, and a member of the board of trustees of Tuskegee institute, where the idea of industrial education for the Negro has been vitalized and is being evolved into a pedagogical and moral system. So, as has been said before, Mr. Ogden is one of the most useful men in the republic.

The marvel of it all is that Mr. Ogden, a man controlling one of the largest commercial houses in the country and employing some 4000 people, is able and willing to devote himself to labors so purely philanthropic, labors which must, by their nature, exact a great deal of time and therefore much sacrifice, and which can make no return save the consciousness of duties unselfishly performed. It is well for the republic that three men like the late J. L. M. Curry and William H. Baldwin, Jr., and Robert C. Ogden have arisen to grapple with the difficult educational problems which have burdened and still burden the south.—New York Age.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

(Selected.)

By George Henry Biddle,

"John Jones caught the hay fever from dancing with a grass widow."

"I know a man who says he can't sit down, and he can't stand up; well if he tells the truth, he lies."

"What do you think of a school girl, so modest that she won't do improper fractions."

"A man stole a harness the other day, and never left a trace."

"I wish I was Secretary of the Navy; you would not be Secretary Long."

"I work in a tunnel. How do you like it? Why, I think it is just out of sight."

"A man in Wright county, right out west who was recently writing on Woman's rights, said it was no more than right that when they done right it should be rightly done; now if Mr. Wright is not right he had no right to write the above; but Mr. Wright is all right."

MANNING'S "CONFIDENCE IN GOD."

Cardinal Manning was not in the habit of keeping copies of all of his own books upon his library shelves.

One day he found it necessary to go to his publishers for a copy of his own volume, "Confidence in God." To his surprise, he overheard this conversation, which took place in the back office, and between men calling to each other at the top of their lungs:

"Say, you send up some Manning's 'Confidence in God.'"

"Can't do it. Manning's 'Confidence in God' is all gone."—Miss N. C. Grant, in Boston Herald.

Norfolk (Va.) News and Advertiser:

"Alexander's Magazine is the cleanest and best magazine printed by our race."

WHAT PLACE SHALL WE GIVE TO MALACHI?

(From Everybody's Magazine.)

He was an exceeding fine type of what is called the old-school clergyman, with a deep-seated conviction of the value of what he had to say and no earthly conception of the value of time. He had been preaching for upward of two hours when he sided up to what his congregation hopefully thought was meant for a peroration. But their expectations were dashed when he went on:

"And, now, brethren, having assigned the major Hebrew prophets to their relative places in sacred history, we will now proceed to discuss the minor prophets."

Which same he did with earnest emphasis for an hour and a half before he slowed down, and again congregational hope arose, though weakly. The preacher paused, drew a long breath, and proceeded:

"And, now, brethren, having assigned both the major and minor Hebrew prophets to their logical positions in sacred history, what place, I ask you, shall we give to Malachi?"

At this point a weary but polite stranger arose in a back pew, and placing his right hand on his shirt-bosom, bowed profoundly.

"Malachi," he said with a Chesterfieldian air, "Malachi may have my place. I am going home."

ENDORSEMENT OF ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE.

Ex-Senator Henry W. Blair: "I am glad to recommend Alexander's Magazine for its excellence of form and its superior mental and moral quality."

Dr. Booker T. Washington: "Alexander's Magazine is a gem; it will make a place for itself and will prove most helpful to the race."

The Washington (D. C.) Record: "Alexander's Magazine is neatly printed and is edited with much care and ability."

Lexington (Mass.) Independent: "The table of contents of Alexander's Magazine reveals an unusual array of fine literary talent."

TUSKEGEE COMMENCEMENT AND OTHER NOTES.

By Charles Alexander, Boston, Mass.

The work accomplished by the Tuskegee institute is not limited to the 888 graduates sent from that institution during the past 24 years. The influence of the school extends from one end of the country to the other and foreign countries reap largely the fruits of its training.

The commencement this year was largely attended. Some of the men and women who witnessed the exercises are of national reputation for good deeds along many lines.

Among the graduates of the academic department this year it was noticeable that there were six foreigners, students, who have come here from the West Indies to study. Among these, one was from Porto Rico, one from British Honduras, two from the Bahama Islands, and one other from Jamaica. The total number of all students enrolled during the past year in all departments of the school was 1504. In this number 38 states and territories were represented. Of the foreign students 11 were from Africa, five from Central America, 19 from Cuba, 15 from Porto Rico, two from San Domingo, two from Hayti, eight from Jamaica, and six from other islands in the West Indies.

The address of Mr. Philip A. Payton of New York city was one of the most notable delivered during the commencement period. It dealt with a phase of business life rarely treated in an address before students. It will help many of the young men to realize the advantages to be gained owing to their race connection. Following is a brief extract from Mr. Payton's excellent address:

"You know," he said, "that it is unusual to see a Negro in business. When people meet one up north they are curious to see what he will do and how he will behave. When we formed our realty company in New York, one of the papers devoted a page in the Sunday edition to discussing it. Another gave it half a page. The Associated Press took it

up and sent it all over the country. The papers commented upon it, some favorably, some unfavorably, but it was all advertising. We got, at least, \$50,000 worth of advertising that way. If a white real estate man had wanted that advertising he would have had to pay for it. 'Now it works out much the same way in other instances. If I have a business proposition I want to present to an influential capitalist who is hard to get at, I present my card. It goes, perhaps, through three or four hands before it reaches the great man in the inner office. When it finally reaches its destination the man who hands it in whispers, 'colored man.' The capitalist looks at the card and reads, 'Payton, real estate.' 'What! colored man? Real estate? Show him in.' You see he is curious, wants to see how I look and, then, if I make a reasonably straightforward statement and have a fairly clear proposition, he thinks I am the biggest man in the business. If I deal squarely with him he will refer me to some of his friends. I get on where the white real estate man, who has forgot more than I ever knew, is turned down." This is the social economic view of the race prejudice matter which accepts the unpleasant fact and turns it to account.

Unusual activity is manifested in New York city among business men on account of the approach of the time for the annual meeting of the National Negro Business league which will convene August 16, to hold sessions for three days. Some of the strongest business men of the race located in New York city and small towns about greater New York are making preparations to welcome the delegates from various parts of the country in a manner hard to equal in any other city. The meeting will be held in Palm Garden of the Grand Central palace, New York city.

It is not saying too much to state that this meeting will bring together the largest and most representative body of Negroes that has ever assembled in this country, and the plan of the officers embraces the bringing together of a large representation of

colored business men and women from the United States, the West Indian islands and other foreign countries. Aside from the business that will be attended to at the meetings, the social features of the gathering are to be made very prominent, and it is the hope that the male delegates will not only be present themselves in large numbers, but that they will bring their wives with them. Since the last meeting in Indianapolis about twenty local leagues have been organized in various parts of the country; the total number of local leagues is now considerably more than one hundred, besides a number of state organizations. The National Organizer, Mr. Fred R. Moore, 181 Pearl street, New York city, is very anxious to keep in touch with all local leagues and to lend his service wherever needed in forming new local organizations.

We rather like the unique view taken by Professor Carver of Harvard university in this magazine. We respect the view point because it is sane. We are extremely sensitive. We lose much time fretting because we are called by first one name and then another. Among the more intelligent members of the race there is going on at the present time a debate as to which of the three most popular names should be used: Negro, Colored or Afro-American. The time wasted in useless debate could be more profitably employed in making whatever name is given us respected and honored in the land. A good story is told of the late Hon. Frederick Douglass, which is of value as indicating his breadth of mind regarding this subject. A southern white man at Washington spoke of Mr. Douglass as a "nigger" so that Mr. Douglass could hear him. A friend asked Mr. Douglass how he felt to be called a "nigger." Mr. Douglass answered, "I always feel as if a jackass had kicked, but did not hit anybody." If the Negro, Colored man or Afro-American could feel as Mr. Douglass felt that "darkey," "nigger" and "coon" are but the harmless kicks of an ass, a step would be taken in the right direction.

Rev. E. George Biddle, D. D., of New Haven, Conn., whose portrait appears on next page, is a writer of sacred songs. He is one of the active workers in the A. M. E. Zion denomination. His career has been quite eventful. During the civil war he served in the 54th Massachusetts Vol-Inf. to the close of the strife. After the war he returned to Boston, and soon engaged in religious work. In 1886 he was appointed by Bishop J. W. Hood, D. D., LL. D., to the church at New Haven, Conn., where he had a very successful pastorate; outstanding indebtedness was canceled, the church building thoroughly repaired, at an expense of about \$2000; the running expenses promptly met, and at the same time the church paid more than twice as much as ever before to the general connectional interests, and the membership was doubled. At this time he was a diligent student in Yale divinity school, taking the full course, besides pursuing special studies in philosophy and ethics.

Dr. Biddle was ordained deacon in Hartford, Conn., in 1884, and was ordained elder in New Haven, Conn., in 1885. Livingston college has conferred upon him the degrees of B. D. and D. D. He has written a number of hymns, four of which were adopted by the centennial committee of the A. M. E. Zion church; others have been inserted in the Church Hymnal, and have been extensively used in the annual and general conferences and throughout the church. The following was written for Alexander's Magazine:

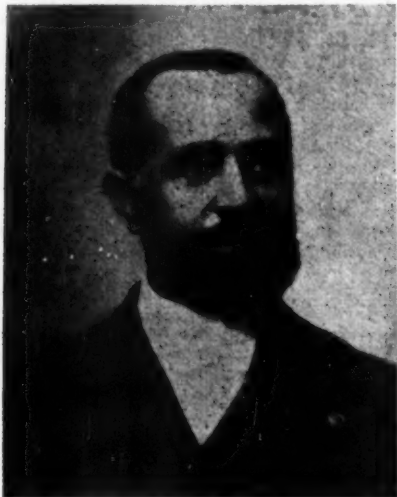
SALVATION.

- 1 O Thou God of my salvation,
Now supplying every need;
Author of the new creation,
Making free, yea free indeed;
Full salvation,
Always meeting ev'ry need.
- 2 O the Wells of Thy Salvation,
Now free to all, without price;
Precious, holy, full redemption,
Jesus, the great sacrifice;
Free redemption,
Christ the Saviour paid the price.
- 3 O this "Uttermost Salvation,"
Fully saving from all sin;
Saving now from all temptation,

All who fully trust in Him;
 Mighty Saviour,
 Fully saving from all sin.
 4 O Thou God of my salvation,
 Blessing now with saving power,
 In Thee I have full redemption,
 Saving now in this glad hour;
 Blessed Saviour,
 Clothing now with saving power.

Curtis Guild, Jr., now lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts.

Governor W. L. Douglas is a great success as a shoe manufacturer and business man; but unfortunately for him, conducting the affairs of a great state, as the chief executive, does not prove to be such an easy task—the



REV. E. GEORGE BIDDLE, D. D.

Those Colored men of Boston who keep their ears near the political rail and who keep in view the signs of the time are hearing some startling announcements concerning the forthcoming gubernatorial battle which will be waged in Massachusetts next fall. The voters of this state have abundantly demonstrated their independence in political matters by electing by overwhelming majority a Democratic governor, when, at the same time, giving a presidential candidate of the Republican persuasion the largest vote in the history of the state. It now appears that these same voters will again show their independence by electing a Republican governor, a man who is nearer the hearts of the people, of whatever sphere or station, and regardless of race or creed, than any other man in the state. This man is

fact is there are entirely too many people to please. And the carnivorous fangs of certain greedy, intriguing, designing politicians of the Democratic faith have failed of the gripping power since Gov. Douglas has occupied the big chair at the State House, and trouble is the natural result. Some of these politicians are wildly expressing their disapproval of the governor's administration. There can be no wonder, therefore, that a man of such high moral character as the governor, should hesitate to attempt a second term in view of the inflammatory mouthings against him by his sometimes Democratic friends. Fair-minded Republicans admire Gov. Douglas—they respect him for the attitude he has taken against the exploiters of his party circle, and many feel assured that his distinguished and honorable

record will be a credit to him and to the people who conferred upon him the grave responsibilities which he has carried out with such marked ability, good sense and fidelity to the masses. But the able governor now realizes that the golden days of victory, when applause is so generous and enthusiastic, are of brief duration—an irides-



LIEUT.-GOV. CURTIS GUILD, JR.

cent dream—followed often by terrific storms of disapproval and revolt. The rapid developments of the past few days are worthy of serious attention. There are many strong candidates in the field and it is rather difficult at this time to pick out the winners. But those wise in matters political say that Lieutenant-Governor Guild has an easy thing.

The death of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and Judge Albion Winegar Tourgee during the past month removed from the arena of public life two of the noblest and best friends the Negro race has ever had in this country. Both were scholarly in their literary efforts, eloquent in speech, and both were firm believers in human rights, absolute justice toward all classes of men, and especially did

they believe in the humanity and the possibilities of the Negro. They braved the tempest of public opinion in the most heroic manner in defence of their convictions as regards the rights of man, and both lived to see the day when their opinions were vindicated by men and women who at first opposed them. Mrs. Livermore was one of the really famous women of her generation and during her entire life of active work for the betterment of mankind she was never more vigorous than during her declining years. There is inspiration in her splendid career for all who will give it a careful study. Judge Tourgee ranked as a writer of great ability and the deep purpose of every book given the world by his versatile pen has contributed to the progress of the best sentiment of our nation. The eulogies pronounced upon these representative Americans have been exceptional because they were really exceptional characters.

Instances could be named without number in which Negroes have got on without any great opposition from their white fellows simply because the individual Negro was well liked by the white persons with whom he mingled in a particular pursuit. Such instances can be pointed out North and South. They go to prove that a very good thing for a Negro to do is to make friends of the white people. It is a remarkable fact that whatever feelings of repugnance are excited by the appearance of a Negro quickly disappear when he has become familiar in the affairs of life. The further off the Negro is kept and the least frequently he is met with, the greater is the prejudice against him.

The great end to be sought by Negro schools, churches, newspapers and all other uplifting agencies of the race is not that of drawing the Negro off from and keeping him away from his white fellow citizens, but the great end sought is to fit and prepare him to be at his best whenever and wherever he is in contact with his fellow citizens. It is the task of all Negroes to strive to so elevate the race that when an individual Negro



THE LATE MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

stands face to face with the best person of any other race he will not have to be ashamed of the race that is behind him and out from which he has stepped as a representative.

The rapid advance which the Negro has made in this country has already forced the white people to face the question of race prejudice in almost every phase of life except that of conventional society. Negroes are constantly presenting themselves everywhere and asking for an equal chance to engage with other citizens in the various affairs and activities of the communities in which they dwell. There is no good reason why such a

chance should be denied to any citizen; but there exists in the average white person a prejudice which leads him to feel that he would be degraded were he to be side by side with a Negro in any pursuit or in any affair of life. The steadfast persistency with which the Negro presents himself everywhere in spite of the resistance met, puts it up to the whites to either give him a fair show or else to find a good reason for preventing him from having a fair show. The concoction of the "race problem idea" is the expedite resorted to in the effort to create a "good reason" for keeping the Negro out of a place in life by the side of other citizens.

The four sweetest words in the English language to the young Negro business man are these: "Enclosed please find check."

A monument is soon to be erected to the memory of the late Rev. John Jasper at Richmond, Va., where he labored as pastor of Mt. Zion Baptist church for a number of years.

He only is making progress in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker and whose motives of beneficence multiply in the interest of others.

The work of the National Consumers' league has the endorsement of Alexander's Magazine. We have just received the sixth annual report of this organization and we find in it some very interesting and instructive reading.

At a recent meeting of The American Peace society, by unanimous vote, Dr. Booker T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee institute, Alabama, was elected vice-president in recognition of the great services he is rendering the cause of international peace.

We have just received a new book from D. Appleton & Company, New York, entitled "Tuskegee and Its People," edited by Booker T. Washington. We will give this volume a critical notice in the July number of this magazine.

Dr. Sarah G. Jones, the only female physician of the Negro race in Virginia, and the first woman to apply for license under the present state law regulating the practice of medicine, died in Richmond in May. She was a graduate of Howard university and for 12 years practiced her profession in Richmond, Va.

The work on the new dormitory for the Colored Agricultural and Mechanical College at Greensboro, N. C., is in progress and the college authorities are expecting soon to have another large dormitory added to their equipment. The building will be a three-

story brick structure containing forty-eight rooms with steam heat and electric light. The plans for the building were drawn by Prof. Adam Watson, director of the Mechanical Department, who is himself a graduate of this school.

Some very sensible remarks were made by the postmaster general to his subordinates at the convention of the National Association of Postmasters of the second and third class. They were characteristic of the man, straightforward and businesslike, and not in the least dictated by considerations of political advantage.

The A. and M. college, Normal, Ala., celebrated in the most fitting manner its 30th anniversary May 1. The institution was organized and has been conducted for all these years by Pres. W. H. Council. It has had marvelous growth. Under his management it has grown from 19 pupils to its present large attendance representing every southern state, with the good patronage north of the Ohio river, Africa and the islands of the sea. It has 200 acres of land, more than 20 buildings, three distinct literary schools, about 20 industrial departments. From its various departments it has sent out a thousand graduates, who are to be seen in nearly all walks of life.

The early juvenescent leafage of the trees and the delicious sweetness of the young grass and flowers received a chilly reception with the incoming of June. Still June is welcome, for it has its many delights for the lover of nature. The fragrance of the flowers in the early morning hours as well as the odor of fast appearing fruit brings the feeling of a certain freshness that is an inspiration in itself. In the sequestered recesses of the woodland at the ripening of summer, when blossoms multiply so quickly and the winged creatures sing so sweetly the melodies of freedom, and when the scents of various plants blend so harmoniously and diffuse an agreeable odor peculiar to the season, human beings are possessed with a sense of newness of life and the promise of extended existence. A glorious welcome to June!

Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, Md., who will soon become secretary of the navy, has just declared himself in behalf of Negro suffrage. We quote his own words: "I am quite prepared to say that a Republican who actively or passively favors the adoption of the Poe disfranchisement amendment, even a Republican who does not take off his coat to work against it, is not a person whom I could conscientiously recommend for either public or private employment. To my mind it is discreditable for any citizen to support this amendment. There may, indeed, be some slight excuse for a Democrat who does this, but in a Republican such a course would show conclusively, at least to me, that he lacked moral principle or common sense, or both. I fully recognize, as do all other intelligent and well-informed persons, that I will be justly held hereafter to a larger measure of personal responsibility for the policy of the Republican party in Maryland than could be fairly imputed to me hitherto, and I am prepared to give counsel respecting that policy and any other aid in my power to the party so as to fulfill that responsibility. In this sense, you may call me one of the party leaders if you choose, but there is no flavor of bossism in the term as thus used."

ANOTHER FRIEND GONE.

In the death of Judge Albion Winegar Tourgee of Mayville, New York, the Negro loses another noble and generous friend. Judge Tourgee died at Bordeaux, France, May 21, while serving as American consul. The disease which caused his death resulted from a civil war wound.

Judge Tourgee was best known as the author of "A Fool's Errand," a novel dealing with the reconstruction period in the south, which was published in 1879, and has been widely read. In writing of this period he was treating of a subject with which he was thoroughly familiar. He served in the civil war, was wounded at Bull Run and Perryville, and was six months in Libby prison. After the war he settled as lawyer, farmer and editor at Greensboro, N. C. From

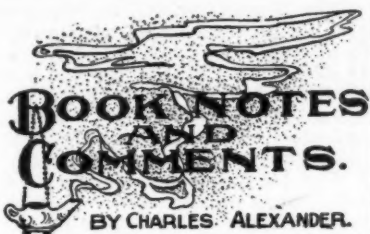
1868 until 1874 he was judge of the superior court for the Seventh Judicial District of North Carolina, in which the Ku Klux Klan was most powerful. His portrayal of the state of affairs during these troublous days was full of interest and value. His attitude on the question of human rights was uncompromising. We have lost a great man and a true friend.

AFRICAN RULE IN CUBA.

(By Warden Allen Curtis.)

Among the possibilities in the republic of Cuba is an Africanization of the nation, not an Africanization of its body corporal, but of its mind; a tropicalization of its mind, a domination in physical rule by the African minority. There are, it is true, certain counteracting tendencies now in progress, but whose full effect must be considerably delayed, if it arrive at all, and there is the ever possible syncope of all things Cuban in American annexation. It has always been said that Santo Domingo affords the only instance where whites have been for any length of time dominated by Colored people. The interior of Santo Domingo is inhabited by whites. The old houses carry the escutcheons of proud old Castilian families, the portraits and swords of conquistadores are preserved by people who not only have no voice in the politics of their country, but are even looked down upon socially by the blacks and mestizoes who run the government. It may not be such a distance to this in Cuba.

The census compiled by the American army of occupation gave a population of some sixteen hundred thousand, less than one-third of whom were returned as Colored, less than one-half of that third returned as black. But the veracity of the figures or the antecedent information furnished by some of the citizens is doubted by many. It is said that a number of those who returned themselves as pure whites, have an amount of Negro blood sometimes unmistakably evident.—Boston Transcript.



BOOK NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER.

It has been my good fortune for a number of years to have more or less contact with some of the really great men of this country: Scientists, clergymen, lawyers, physicians and men of letters. Of all of the men I have had the honor to meet during my life time I know of not a single one who has impressed me as having larger powers of intellect or more profound motives for doing good in the world than Dr. John Uri Lloyd of Cincinnati, Ohio, pre-eminently a scientist and writer of exceptional ability. For the past few years Dr. Lloyd has been able to produce during the holidays a story dealing with rural life in Kentucky. These stories have proved fascinating and informing, and have had a tendency to increase the interest of the classes in the efforts of the masses. "Scroggins," his latest book, is a most attractive production. The principal character is so inured to the habit of work that he could not be happy under other circumstances. When he acquired a fortune he tried, as many people do in real life, to get happiness out of idleness, but he could not understand or appreciate the beauties of nature, the magnificence of art or the real pleasures to be secured through the medium of literature. "The Spirit cry that penetrates the minds of cultured men who stand on the hallowed places of a race vanished from earth was unheard by Scroggins. The fragmentary ruins seen in the far west were but groups of hovels in stone to him." His only happiness was to be found in the monotonous life of a stage coach driver, and he enjoyed that life as he enjoyed no other. Dr. John Uri Lloyd, the author of this book is not only a great pharmacist and chemist but he is a psychologist of the highest or-

der. He not only understands the methods of analyzing compounds but he comprehends fully the elements of human characters and he conceives the motives as well as the real obligations men have in all walks of life. The beautiful love story which binds together the beginning and the end of this fascinating narrative is quite as charming to the reader as the picture of the rugged character whose name serves as the title of the book.

Russian Life and Society—As Seen in 1866-67, by Appleton and Longfellow, Two Young Travelers from the United States of America. Author of "Harvard College During the War," Boston, 1904. Published by Wood and company, 287 Atlantic avenue, and sold at \$1.

Captain Appleton has given a graphic and intensely interesting review of Russian life and society and his narrative is punctuated with bits of personal view-point and individual interpretation that proves fascinating, but much of the real charm of this volume is found in its literary style, witty, vivacious and thoughtful. The author is also philosophical and contributes much to the inspiration of the reader along lines of patriotic devotion to his country. Coming at this particular time "Russian Life and Society" is a very welcome document. It tells with characteristic clearness the story of the observations and experiences of a ripe student of humankind and links reminiscences of Boston, New York, Newport with foreign cities. "The more one lives away from America, the more he appreciates her greatness." This is what is meant by distance lends enchantment. Of course Captain Appleton refers here to an American. The more an American lives away from his country, the more will he appreciate its greatness. Captain Appleton is an accomplished soldier, a distinguished citizen and one of the chief promoters of the Panama canal. The book is beautifully illustrated and attractively bound, and is for sale by all booksellers at \$1.00 per volume. Wood & Co., 287 Atlantic avenue, Boston.

Moral Education—By Edward Howard Griggs, Author of the New Humanism, and a book on Meditations Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York, 300 pages. Price, \$2.00 net.

In its issue of April 15th the Literary Digest says of Moral Education, "It is easily the best book of its kind yet written in America." We quite agree with this estimate of Professor Griggs' splendid contribution to the literature on this subject. The ample comprehension of the needs of child nature, the philosophical acumen and insight exhibited on every page and the literary style which makes the work so charming and invigorating commends this excellent book to the reader. The logic is clear and convincing. Nearly every aspect of the question of Moral Education is presented and the fullest definition given of terms likely to create misapprehension on the part of the average reader. The motive of the volume is set forth a complete philosophy of education, emphasizing, of course, the cultivation of sound and effective character. It contains definite application of all the present development to the practice of parents and teachers. In his preface Professor Griggs states that the chief aim of education is to develop noble manhood and womanhood and the reading of his book will lend greatly to this object.

"My Little Book of Prayer." By Muriel Strode. Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois. Cloth; 78 Pages.

These little prayers are perfect gems—they are calculated to inspire thoughtful men and women with the idea of self-scrutiny, self-will and self-improvement. We select the following found on page 70 which particularly appeals to us: "Give me one hour of love that is consumed by the intensity of its own fire, rather than a lifetime of embers whose feeble flame knows not outburst or extinction. Give me one effervescent glass, with its sodden dregs of memory, if I may be relieved of the draught of insipidity. Give me a life of action, and I will accept its sorrow and its tragedy, if I may escape the way of inanition."

"The Japanese Spirit," by Okakura-Yoshisaburo, with an introduction by George Meredith, just brought out by James Pott & Co. The book is a truly important contribution to the literature of the Orient. The author apologizes for his idiomatic English, but he need scarcely do so as it confers on his monograph a piquancy of style that is most attractive. Mr. Okakura-Yoshisaburo tells in brief resume what he considers the essentials to an understanding of modern Japan, its political, religious and social qualities of basic importance. His title accurately describes the book. "The Japanese Spirit" is literally what he lays bare.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Freeman: "We have received the expected first number of Alexander's Magazine, published by Charles Alexander of Boston. It is clean and well made. It is one more voice crying in the wilderness for the full and complete recognition of the best that is in the race. May its life be long and happy. We need it."

The Baptist Record, Richmond, Va.: "Alexander's Magazine is the most excellent publication of the character we have ever seen."

Shooting a Tiger Wolf.

A gentleman residing at Glenconnor a few evening ago took up a position in the bush in the hope of potting a "buck," and hid himself near a bush path on a hillside. Suddenly he heard a rustling noise in the bush, and, raising his head a few inches from the ground, he perceived a dark object stealthily approaching him from the direction of the hill. In order to be ready for all possible contingencies he drew and cocked his weapon. The dark object crept nearer and nearer, and as its shape grew more distinct the waiting sportsman saw that it was not that of a man, but of a wild beast. When within half a dozen yards it sprang straight at him. The rifle flashed, and while the brute was yet in the air the bullet found its mark. The marauder proved to be a splendid specimen of the "tiger wolf" or spotted hyena, and measured 3 feet 6 inches without the tail.—Alice Times.

HOW SHE MARRIED FOR MONEY.

By PAULINE MONTAGUE.

Addie Arlington looked at herself in the mirror, and then turned away with a little smile of happy satisfaction, that rippled over into a joyous laugh as she caught her Cousin Ellie's eyes.

"You are thinking I am vain as a peacock, aren't you, Ellie? Well, I do look well, don't I? And I'm awfully glad of it, because, cousin mine, it will be all the easier for me to come off victorious in the campaign I have laid out for myself during my three months' visit to you."

She spoke with a charming frankness that made Miss Nelliston smile back in the lovely, girlish face.

"And what may your plans be, Addie?"

"Oh, only my arrangement for the chief end of woman—marriage! I tell you, Ellie, I am going to make my hay while the sun shines—in other words, while I am in London I am going to secure some rich—oh, some awfully rich fellow, who can just smother me with diamonds and dresses, and give me all the money I want—enough to buy everything I can think of!"

Miss Nelliston laughed at the girl's human enthusiasm.

"You rapacious little cormorant! You certainly have erected a very ambitious standard, but I cannot see who or where the desirable party is. I am quite sure you deserve just what you want, dear; but the question is, can you get it?"

Addie laughed.

"I'll tell you a secret, Ellie—I'm going to take my fort by storm; and when you see me the betrothed bride of a lord, Ellie—"

Miss Nelliston gave a gasp of positive horror at the girl's audacity.

"Addie Arlington, you don't mean you actually have designs on the illustrious guest that the Van Reesellers

are expecting—the nobleman all London is on the qui vive about!"

The girl's silvery laugh accompanied a very defiantly positive shake of her silken skirts, as if that graceful little gesture added incontrovertible emphasis.

"Exactly, Cousin Ellie. You needn't look so horrified. I'm sure the prospect of having a Lady Venner in the family ought to delight you. But come, we'll be late at Jennie Jernyngham's, and you know Jennie always expects me before anybody else."

"And so does Jennie's brother! I am ready, Addie."

II.

The band, hidden in a covert of ferns and rose trellises, were playing a lovely fantasia in low, softly-delicious chords, and dozens of couples were promenading the suites of rooms, Addie Arlington and Fred Jernyngham among them, and the young gentleman evidently not delightfully interested in the tenor of the young lady's animated conversation.

"Why, he is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life! Of course, I'll except you, Fred!" and the pearly teeth twinkled in a smile for a second. "But I want to hear his name. I want to know all about him. Fred, is he rich?"

It was impossible for matter-of-fact young Jernyngham to understand whether or not Addie was in earnest.

"His name is—Melton; and I know nothing whatever about him, except that he's a member of an engineer corps. I don't see what there is about him so remarkably handsome."

"You're not to be supposed to see any masculine attractions beyond your own, Freddie. But if he's only an engineer—! Hark! That's our waltz."

And off they glided, a faint flush on Addie's cheeks, as Mr. Melton's hand-

some blue eyes caught hers, and held her glance a second, despite herself.

That was the way it began; and a month later, when London society was stirred to its soul by the deferred advent of Lord Cuthbert Venner, Miss Nelliston wondered why it was that Addie's enthusiasm had so completely died out.

"You're a mystery to me, Addie," she said, as they drove home from the crush at Mrs. Van Rensseler's on the occasion of Lord Venner's complimentary reception.

And, for the first time, Addie's reply was a little sharp:

"I don't see where the mystery is, I'm sure. Whatever is there about a little, fat, bald-headed old man to admire?"

"But he's a lord, all the same, Addie."

"No, it's not all the same at all, Ellie! How insufferably hot the rooms were to-night! I have the most wretched headache!"

The next afternoon a magnificent carriage and pair, with the armorial bearings of the house of Silverland—Lord Venner's illustrious family—with coachman and footman, in his lordship's livery of silver and maroon, drew up at Miss Nelliston's door, and the little, fat, puffy old gentleman descended to pay his compliments to the prettiest girl of the night before—the only girl who had at all interested him—Addie Arlington.

After that—well, Ellie hardly knew Addie, so variable and capricious she grew; now in the wildest spirits, again dejected and petulant; until one day there came, by one of the liveried servants, a written proposal of marriage, on a satiny sheet of paper, bearing a crest and a monogram in silver and marble, and signed in a little, crabbed, spidery hand, "Venner"—a letter that offered her, in a very gentlemanly, unenthusiastic way, all the grand, good things that had been her sole aim in life to possess and enjoy.

While by post, ten minutes later, had come another letter that made the girl's heart thrill and all her pulses stir as she read the passionate prayer for herself to be given to the man who loved her—Philip Melton, with his

handsome face and his salary as an engineer.

For several hours Ellie wondered what Addie was doing so long alone in her room, and then by and by she came softly down stairs, a sweet flush on her face, a tender pride in her eyes, a thrill of perfect content in her voice.

"Ella, dear, I want to tell you—I have refused Lord Venner's offer of marriage, and—accepted Philip."

III.

"If you will permit me, might I ask why you decline my offer?" Lord Venner said, an hour later, when, her gentle refusal having reached him by messenger, he post-hasted to the house.

And Addie's lips trembled with actual happiness and pride as she answered with a sweetness that was charming:

"Because, sir, I—I loved Mr. Melton best. You won't be angry?"

"Mr. Melton! A fellow on a salary!"

"Pardon me, my lord—a gentleman, rich in nobility, in goodness, and in love for me!"

"Then, Miss Arlington, am I to consider my answer absolute? You positively decline to become Lady Venner—to live at Silverland Park—to be a leader of London society?"

She smiled sweetly—proudly.

"I am sure I have decided. I thank you for the great honor you have paid me. I shall be proud of it all my life; but I cannot accept it, because I love Philip Melton more than all the world and what is in it."

"Addie, my true little darling! Addie, little love!"

And Philip Melton stepped out from between the curtains of the bay window and took her in his arms, his handsome face all smiling and proud as he turned to Lord Venner.

"I told you so, sir. She loves me and is true and sweet in her loyalty to the man she loves. Addie, perhaps you will not mind so very much that, after all, you will be Lady Venner some day? For Lord Venner here is my father, and I am Philip Melton Silverdale, next in succession. Addie, you will not be angry with us for our little ruse? We had heard you were so desperately determined to marry money, and the moment I saw you I knew there was a heart that would conquer ambition—a

heart I wanted to conquer on my own merits."

Addie listened, bewildered, and Lord Venner laughed.

"Bless your bright eyes, child, you nearly tempted me to be treacherous to Phillip there. But you'll not refuse me as a father-in-law, I hope?"

And, in her almost royal home, Addie is happy as the summer days are long and shining.—New York News.

WORKING MIRACLES.

A Million Plants Sometimes Used by Mr. Burbank in a Single Test.

How does Mr. Burbank work his wonders? Here are two plants—one from Australia, perhaps the other from Siberia. Each plant has its characteristics, its life habits, its structure, its hereditary tendencies—a life distinct from all others. Each has preserved its identity a thousand years, perhaps ten times ten thousand years, not varying to any great extent through the long centuries. He takes these two plants and gives them the opportunity to unite. Struggle as each may, with the fervor of 10,000 years of habit all powerfully upon it, it cannot overcome the change.

The pollen from one of the flowers has found its way to the stigma of the other, borne by the sensitive fingertips of a man accustomed to wait with patience the outcome of his projects. A year passes. The seed from the new plant is planted. From it may come a plant, like both of its ancestor or like neither, like nothing yet born in the vegetable life of the world.

And this is what is sought; to make it different, to break up its life tendencies, to recombine the hereditary influences of its ancestry. In the breaking up it may produce a whole series of monstrosities, the most strange and grotesque plants that ever took root in the soil of the earth. Some of these plants are hideous, and all such are put to death. For the object is not to produce abnormality, but a splendid form, a plant which shall have the best characteristics of both parents and become a new and powerful factor in the beauty or the util-

ity of the race. The next year and the next there are more seeds and more plants, and in a few years, so great is the progression, there may be 500,000. Bear in mind that some of the greatest botanists of this and other days have carried on their investigations into plant life and made their deductions and formulated their laws upon a working basis of perhaps a dozen plants. Mr. Burbank has used as many as a million plants for a single test, and he has more than once rejected every one of the million, save, perhaps, half a dozen or even less.

When the great mass of plants in a given test is ready for the final scrutiny to see what ones shall be allowed to live, then comes the exercise of the most wonderful faculty of the man. He must go over every one of these plants, be it ten thousand or a million, and select from them such as are fit for use in a continuation of the test. This he does with marvelous rapidity. With aids to bring him the plants, he passes upon them with such rapidity that a hundred thousand may be decided upon in a single day.

If all these plants had to be tested in the usual way, it would cost at least \$1,000,000. Each would have to be set out by itself, covering a considerable surface of valuable land; each would have to be cultivated and cared for for four or five years, each would need to be grafted. In a single day this one man accomplishes what would be reached otherwise only by years of waiting and by an enormous attendant expense, his masterly judgment, backed by a wonderful intuition, enabling him to accomplish that which indeed seems little short of a miracle.—William S. Hardwood's "A Wonder Worker of Science" in the Century.

Household Hints.

There is scarcely a family who does not relish an occasional pick-up dinner.

Very sour apples used for a sauce or in pies take on a spicy flavor if a few chopped dates are added.

Sour cream or milk may be used if there is no sweet cream at hand, by stirring in a little soda.

Burn pine tar occasionally in a sick

room. It is an excellent disinfectant, and it also induces sleep.

You can save time by using a four-blade chopping knife when chopping hash, slaw, or mince meat.

You might have fresh parsley at any time if you only grow a boxful of it in a sunny window in the kitchen.

You should never use paper of any kind in the cooking. Thin cheese cloth or old muslin can always take its place.

Some housekeepers always make a point of buying their soap in large quantities, as they say it improves with age.

A good furniture polish consists of two parts of raw linseed oil and one of turpentine. Mix thoroughly by shaking. Apply a thin coat with a flannel cloth and then rub thoroughly and briskly with a dry cloth.

Keep a wire dishcloth to set in the bottom of a kettle while cooking anything that may stick and burn. It will adapt itself to the shape of a kettle better than a trivet or a pail lid. Of course, it must be kept scrupulously clean and dry.

Nearly all directions for making fondant caution the cook against boiling it on a damp day. Quite as much of an obstacle against making it dry and creamy is to have a vessel on the stove throwing off a cloud of steam near the syrup.

When blankets are to be washed for the first time they should first be soaked overnight in cold water, and then rinsed. This is to remove the sulphur used in the bleaching. After this they should be soured until clean in a lukewarm lather made with boiled soap and water, and then rinsed well in clear water.

One of the most delicious accompaniments to a green salad are cheese sandwiches toasted or sauteed. Grate the cheese, season lightly with salt, pepper and mustard, add enough creamed butter to transform into a paste. Spread thin between folds of white bread, then toast on both sides or saute delicately brown in butter. Serve piping hot.

It is literally true that a new broom sweeps clean. If a new broom is examined the ends of the straws will be found to be straight and the brush

square. After it has been used a while the ends split and become sharp, and the shape of the brush becomes irregular. To renew the youth of the broom dip in hot soapsuds and trim the softened straws to the proper shape.

Smiles in Rhyme.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone,
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone.
As plump as a partridge—as poor as
a rat.
As strong as a horse—as weak as a
cat.
As hard as flint—as soft as a mole.
As white as a lily—as black as a
coal.
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as
a bear.
As tight as a drum—as free as the
air.
As heavy as lead—as light as a
feather.
As steady as time—uncertain as
weather.
As hot as an oven—as cold as a
frog.
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog.
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as
the wind.
As true as the gospel—as false as
mankind.
As thin as a herring—as fat is a pig.
As proud as a peacock—as gay as a
grig.
As savage as tigers—as mild as a
dove.
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a
glove.—Indianapolis News.

Milk for Rattlesnake Bites.

James McBride, a well known stockman of Barela, was bitten by a rattlesnake the other day and only his presence of mind saved his life. He drank a 20-pound pail of milk and then came to Trinidad for medical treatment. The doctors say the milk saved him. —Trinidad Correspondence of Denver Republican.

"Is your daughter learning to play the piano?" "I can't say for sure," answered Mr. Cumrox, "whether she's learning to play or I'm getting used to it."—Washington Star.

HE KNEW HOW TO SAY NO.

By T. H. E. AUTHOR.

Five boys were together on the playground of a school house. They had grown tired of the game in which they had been engaged and were seated on the grass near the schoolhouse door.

"Let's go to the fishing pool," said Joe Hartman. "We can be back before books."

"So we can," said Billy Benson, rising. "I'm with you—I'm always ready for a swim, but it won't hurt much if we do lose a little time. I don't care for losing a little time."

"Maybe the teacher will whip us if we are not back by one o'clock," This came from John Jennings, "he doesn't like it when we are past one o'clock coming in. And he punished Ralph Rankin for being late one day."

"Oh, you're a scary boy—you're always afraid of being whipped! Come along and don't be a baby. We can be back in time for books."

"Yes, I'll go," said John. He didn't have sufficient firmness to say no.

Another boy, Edwin Harris, was asked if he would go, and he readily assented.

Then Joe Hartman asked the fifth boy if he would go with them to "the swimming place," as it was often called.

"No," promptly replied Henry Dale. "I'll not go."

"And why not, Mr. Dale?" asked Joe somewhat imperiously.

"Because I promised my mother I would not."

This was Henry's answer, and it was followed by a lively burst of laughter from the other boys. Joe, however was the first to lead in the laughter.

"Then you must be tied to your mother's apron string," said Joe, derisively. "I though you could be a man in spite of your mother."

"We need not stop now to discuss the matter of manhood," said Henry. "I have told my mother that I would not go again from school to that place,

and I intend to be as good as my word. If you all intend to go you can go right along. You need not wait for me."

"But," added one of the boys in derision, "we'd like to have you along to take care of us."

"Yes," added another, "and we'd feel safer if we had a real good mother's boy along."

These derisive remarks, however, were lost on Henry. He turned away, and went to another part of the playground.

The boys were absent when "books" was called by the teacher and they were punished.

Nine years had passed and Henry was engaged in a mercantile house in the city. He had been in this position for three months. He liked the business and the employer was beginning to feel that he had employed a young man of integrity—a young man who could be trusted. No great temptation, however had appeared to turn the young man from his course.

He had made the acquaintance of some young men who were somewhat reckless and these young men, whom we shall designate as Tom, Dick and Harry, came to him one evening at his boarding place with the intention of "breaking in," as they called it.

"We want you to go with us and see the sights," said Tom.

"And," added Dick, "we'll not let you get into any trouble. We merely want to show you the city life as it is."

"And," continued Harry, "you can then walk understandingly. You don't want to be called a greenhorn. We want you to be smart. We want you to see some of the wickedness of the world so that you can understand where you are at. We want to 'break you in,' so to speak. We don't want you to be considered a greeny. You have been here long enough to learn

something about city life and we want you to commence to learn. We'll show you around and we'll see that you don't get into any trouble."

Henry was willing to go. He didn't know just how these young men stood. They had been friendly, had treated him well, and those who had spoken of them had said nothing derogatory to their character.

Henry went with them, and when they had walked and talked for awhile Dick proposed that they go into a saloon and have a drink."

"I don't drink," said Henry.

"But it won't hurt you to take a soft drink."

"I don't drink," said Henry, "neither hard nor soft."

"Oh," said Harry, "don't be a dunce; come and take a drink. We want you to be like other people."

"Now," said Henry, as he straightened himself manfully, "you have my answer. I don't drink. If you want to drink I will not detain you. I know the way to my boarding house. You can go your way, I can go mine. I would not take a drink of intoxicating liquor if by so doing I could gain the whole world. I'm what you might denominate a 'soft fellow.' I promised my mother that I would never taste intoxicating liquor, and I will not."

A loud laugh from the pretended friends was the answer to this.

"But," said Tom, returning to the attack, "we don't ask you to drink anything intoxicating. It was soft drinks we were talking about."

"I class them all as intoxicating drinks," said Henry. "Good night. I am going home."

Another shout of laughter followed him, but he cared not. He had unexpectedly found out the kind of friends they were and he was thankful.

Ten years have gone into the cycles of the past. Henry has a prominent position in a large mercantile house in the city of N—. Tom went into the by-paths of the wicked and was accidentally killed while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. Dick is an outcast and Harry is considered a cipher.

"As ye sow so shall ye also reap."—H. Elliott McBride, in United Presbyterian.

A WEIRD TALE.

This strange experience happened some 15 years ago to a very intimate friend of mine in Gibraltar bay, not far from where he often lives. I had the story from his own lips.

When the telepathic experience occurred he had not been long in sunny Spain. Behind him, in Bonnie Scotland, he had left his young bride till he should get settled down in his new clime and occupation. He was going one day about his work, as usual, buoyed up with the prospect of meeting soon his loved one (for she was then on her way out to him, on board a steamer which must now be skirting the northern coasts of Spain), when suddenly he experienced a strange sensation, heard his wife's voice wailing, and saw, as he thought, her form all dripping and wet.

Instantly he felt as if some terrible calamity had happened. And sure enough, in due time, the telegraph brought the sad news that, at the very hour of his strange experience, the ship in which his wife was outward bound had struck upon the rocks, hundreds of miles away, and all on board had perished.

How, almost frantic with grief, my esteemed friend, accompanied by another acquaintance, went north and searched for days for his wife's body amongst those washed ashore by receding tides on that Spanish coast is apart from our purpose. But he told me all with his own lips.

I have never been a believer in spiritualism, have never seen anything in table-rapping and suchlike, except to laugh at; yet I think the correct attitude to take up to well-authenticated telepathic experiences as distinct from spiritualistic humbug, is Hamlet's in his conversation with Horatio:

"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"

"And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

—Correspondent of the Weekly Scotsman.

TO A CHILD.

The leaves talked in the twilight, dear;
Hearken the tale they told:
How, in some far-off place and year,
Before the world grew old,

I was a dreaming forest-tree
You were a wild, sweet bird
That sheltered at the heart of me
Because the north wind stirred.

How, when the chiding gale was still,
When peace fell soft on fear,
You stayed one golden hour to fill
My dream with singing, dear.

To-night, the self-same songs are sung
The first green forest heard
My heart and the gray world grow young
To shelter you, my bird.
—Sophie Jewett. in Scribner's.

CHICKEN FEATHERS.

Are Blown Off by Pressure from
Within During a Tornado.

The officials of the United States weather bureau have photographic proof of the accuracy of statements that it is possible for straws and feathers to be driven deep into board fences, trees and other tough materials.

If the camera is to be relied on there appears to be warrant for the story that is frequently told as a joke that in some sections of our country the winds are so fierce that they blow the feathers off chickens and other luckless birds.

E. B. Calvert, private secretary to Professor Willis L. Moore, has long been interested in cyclone phenomena. In following up stories of remarkable occurrences in the storm centres of the west he has run across facts stranger than fiction.

When the incredulous scoffers laugh at his yarns Mr. Calvert produces authenticated photographs to back up his statements.

Mr. Calvert, in explaining the laws of air pressure, which account for many of the freaks of cyclones, says:

"The air pressure at sea level is about fifteen pounds to each square inch. The pressure on the inside of objects, even the human body, is equal to that on the outside, thus preserving a proper equilibrium. Disaster immediately follows the removal of the pressure.

"Contrary to the popular belief, the danger attending tornadoes is created from within, and not from the outside. During a tornado the wind rushes

along at a terrific speed, so that a vacuum is created in the centre of the storm. The sudden exhaustion of the air in this fashion relieves the outside pressure from all objects in the path of the disturbance.

"In the case of a building the result is shown in the bursting out of the walls by the force of the unresistant inside pressure. This is the explanation for the presence of so many buildings without walls that are found in the path of every tornado.

"It is the same way with chickens. The air is exhausted so quickly from the outside that the inner pressure blows off the feathers. In the same way straws, feathers and other frail substances are made to penetrate much harder materials. I have photograph of a splinter of wood that buried itself in a steel section of the Eads bridge, over the Mississippi river, during the St. Louis tornado."

The Florist's Business.

Possibly some of our readers may think going into the florist's business, or some of the younger ones may be considering the advisability of learning that trade.

If any such there be the following written by John Thorpe, an acknowledged authority in floral matters, for the Chicago Tribune, will be of interest. The item we give is only an extract which we found in the Florist's Exchange:

"As a business investment, floriculture stands on equally as good a basis as do other well established occupations. It is a business requiring strict and constant attention, because the subject dealt with is life, and that brooks no slight without injury. It is a business of detail and requires 24 hours' attention each and every day. The man or boy who selects the florist's business for an occupation should be sure that he will not only like it, but love it. With that and due industry I think there is no profession which affords as much pleasure as does the florist's in its many and ever-changing phases. There is no set scale of wages, but the wages average as good or better than is to be had in any other trade of like caliber. Men with good knowledge get \$15 to \$18 per week or more; good foremen command \$22, \$25

to \$30 per week, and, like every other calling, there is always room at the top. The work is of pleasantest kind and is not laborious, though the hours are sometimes long."

Glass Tops for Tables.

In her dressing room and on her pet afternoon tea table Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is using an idea she gathered from her hair dresser. The embroidered cloths spread over dressing and tea tables are covered with sheets of the clearest plate glass, cut to fit the table tops exactly. The advantage of the glass cover, which Mrs. Vanderbilt was quick to take in at a glance, is that one may use the costliest lace embroidered spreads for months at a time without having their freshness spoiled by dust or running the danger of having them spoiled at the cleaner's. The cover also prevents the cloths from being stained by water, cologne, hair tonic or the rings made by wet bottles. In the case of the tea table, the kettle might sputter, the alcohol run over, or a wet saucer might be put down on the glass top, and yet the embroidered cloth beneath would not be spotted in the slightest. 'Any woman can try this, for glass is cheap.—New York Press.

Household Gleanings.

A hotter oven is required for small layer cakes than for loaf cakes.

Broadcloth should always be arranged so the nap will run downward.

An open box of fresh lime placed in a damp cellar makes the air purer and drier.

When the irons begin to lack smoothness apply salt, wipe, add a bit of beeswax and wipe again.

When making paste for scrap-books put in plenty of alum and it will prevent moth or mice from destroying them.

Piano keys can be prevented from turning yellow by leaving the instrument open on clear days and permitting the sun to shine on them.

Cut-glass dishes should be washed in water only moderately hot, because the glass is of different thick-

nesses and contracts and expands unevenly.—Woman's Farm Journal.

Feather Pillows.

Pillows wear out just like anything else, says a housekeeping authority, even though one may change the tick covering from time to time; the feathers become impregnated with dust and dirt and lose the life that is in all good feathers at first. Then, too, years ago feathers were not prepared, nor pillows made according to the scientific methods that now obtain. A pair of feather pillows bought today of a reliable firm, are not at all like the feather pillows of our grandmother's day, as one soon finds, and it would be wise for many a housewife to go through her bed chambers and place new pillows on every bed, renovating the feathers in the old pillows, for which purpose they do very well, but not for affording comfortable rest and sleep at night.

To Clean Furniture.

An excellent furniture polish and cleaner is made of half a cupful each of powdered rotten stone, cold drawn linseed oil, turpentine, naphtha, strong solution of oxalic acid, a quarter cupful of alcohol and half a cupful of cold water mixed with half a table-spoonful of sulphuric acid. Mix the ingredients in the order named. Before using shake the bottle thoroughly. Apply the mixture with a piece of flannel or felt—the felt is better—rubbing briskly but lightly. Follow with a rubbing with a soft cloth. The bottle should be kept in a cool place, corked tightly.

Boston Man's Ways.

Skinner—I say, Smarte, can you give me change for a dollar bill?

Smarte—Upon one condition, my dear fellow. You must give me the dollar bill.

Skinner—Oh, if you mean to be so particular as that I'm afraid we can't do business together.—Boston Transcript.

RENOVATING OLD ORCHARDS.

There are hundreds of small orchard areas in the State of New York as well as in all the old States in which the trees are at present simply soil occupants and of no value whatever as revenue producers. They stand there as ancient monuments of the past and of the shiftless methods of the present. Many of these orchards can be brought into productive condition by sensible management—such management as is possible with any farmer of the country. We find them rootbound in tough sod, or, in some cases where the ground is very much shaded, moss-grown and sour. The tops are a mass of dead and cankered branches. Yet here and there healthy branches and shoots occur in sufficient number to suggest that renovation is possible.

What to do: If the farmer is disposed, he can begin in winter by removing all the dead branches and pruning out a considerable number of those which are weak and interfering. It may be wise to head back some of the remaining branches in order to give shapeliness and symmetry to the top. All large branches which are removed should have the wound painted. There should be no stub left to decay. Following pruning will come spraying. This may be done in early spring before the active farm operations begin, and just as soon as the farmer can get on the orchard ground. It would be well to "disinfect" these trees by using a plain copper sulphate solution at the rate of one pound to fifteen or twenty gallons of water. This must not be applied after the buds have swelled. It is a dormant spray.

Then comes the most important part of all. The tough sod must be broken up or heavily topdressed if the former is practicable. If a plough cannot be used to advantage—and there are many places where it cannot—then a spring tooth harrow applied to the sod when it is still tender in early spring will cut it up very satisfactorily. Keep up the tillage till midsummer, and then seed down with clover for the remainder of the season. The clover should be worked under the following spring, and the same program of tillage and spraying pursued.

The result of the first heavy pruning will be a large crop of water sprouts. Some of these should be retained where they have appeared in proper positions, but the majority of them will probably need to be removed. With attention to the matter of tillage, of spraying and pruning, many of these old orchards can be renovated and made profitable. Of course if the variety is a worthless one, our labor would be wasted, and the question of usefulness of the variety must be considered at the outset before incurring any outlay.—Prof. John Craig, Cornell University, in *Tribune Farmer*.
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The Value of Salt.

That salt possesses tonic qualities is well known, but it has remained for a woman suffering from nervous prostration to use a dry sea salt rub with beneficial results. She soaks a coarse wash cloth in a strong solution of the sea salt, then dries it. After her cold bath each morning she wipes off the moisture with a towel, then rubs with the salty cloth till her skin is in a glow. She says she has found this to be far more invigorating than the usual bath in salt water.

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York, he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

"Ah! proud beauty!" exclaimed little Sniffkins, "you spurn my love now, but, let me tell you, I will not always be a clerk. I—" "That's so," interrupted the heartless girl, "you may lose your job."—Philadelphia Press.

Van X—What made Blank blush when I asked him if he was making any money these days? That's a natural question! De G—Yes; but he's a reformed counterfeiter.—Detroit Free Press.

LITTLE GO BETWEEN

A LOVE STORY

By Alan Sanders

Written for Alexander's Magazine

"Come in!"

My office door opened very gently, and a little face I knew well peeped round. In sheer astonishment I dropped my pen.

"Kathleen!" I said. "How in the world did you get down here? You're not by yourself, surely?"

"Oh, no; course, nurse is with me," and the blue eyes smiled at me so sweetly; "but she's gone shopping I'm not to go till she comes for me."

"But what will mother and auntie say? They'll think you're lost."

"I'm too growed-up to get lost," she said, with a dignified little air. I could not help smiling.

"Now, you little rogue," I said, "when I've helped you off with that pretty blue coat and hat I shall expect to be told why you've honored me with a visit to the city during business hours."

She settled herself sedately in a chair opposite to me, quite unconscious of the pretty picture she made with her mass of fair hair and sweet little face.

"It's a most 'portant visit," she said. "I've come to ask you to my party next We'n'sday."

"Indeed? I shall be delighted to come. So that's what brought you down here, is it?"

I had heard great tales about this party, but not from Kathleen. This was evidently her surprise for me.

"Shall I be expected to do anything particular?" I asked.

"You'll have to make-believe all the time, like you always do at our house."

This was certainly a candid statement. I wondered if the rest of the family shared the same view. I hoped not, because I was as a rule particularly serious after Kathleen had gone to bed.

"Aunt Merva will be there, of course," I ventured to suggest.

"'Course she will," replied Kathleen.

Then she made a tour of the room, came back and resumed her seat, and asked me seriously: "Is this where you play all by yourself in the day-time?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do."

"Do you keep your toys in those big tin boxes?"

"Well, they're not toys like those in your nursery."

"Do you sit here all by yourself, then?"

I nodded.

"And never feel lonely?"

"Sometimes," I said, smiling in spite of myself at the serious little face.

"I heard mummie tell daddy one day you were a lonely man."

"Oh!"

I was certainly hearing some home truths.

"But you won't be lonely when you come to my party, will you?"

"No, dear. I like to come as often as I can to your house," and I spoke the truth.

By this time Kathleen's nurse had returned—I expect she had been waiting outside all the time—and with strict injunctions "not to forget the party next Wednesday," my little visitor kissed me good-by, and I tried to settle down to work again.

But a pair of blue eyes would keep dancing in front of me on my blotting pad. Sometimes I thought they were Kathleen's and sometimes I thought they were—some one else's. Kathleen's eyes and her Aunt Merva's were strangely alike. I had noticed it before.

The room seemed quite cheerless now that she had gone.

In the intervening days the postman left strange notes for me.

Sometimes the missives were stuck together with jujubes, but I had no difficulty in deciphering the signs. They read: "Don't forget the party next We'n'sday." As to the crosses—well, the most ignorant person knows what those mean in a letter.

"We'n'sday" came at last, and of course I went to the party. It was a great success. The house was turned upside down by a merry crowd

of little folks who kept the fun going until long after they ought to have been in bed.

Kathleen queneed it all very prettily, and after the last little guest had departed and the blue eyes could scarcely keep open, she persisted that she wasn't a little bit tired, "on'y hungry." That was a subterfuge she was always guilty of at bedtime.

Next day I saw Kathleen in the park and we discussed the party.

"You were a funny man," she said.

I was glad to know that I had given satisfaction in this direction.

"Did you learn all those stories from pitsher books, or were they just make believe?"

"Both," I said.

"And you didn't cry when you had to go home like little Charlie did, did you?"

I assured her I was able to refrain from weeping.

"And you liked me the best of all the little girls there?"

"Of course I did."

"Quite sure?" she said coaxingly.

"Quite sure," I repeated.

"Then mummie was wrong," she said, triumphantly.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, when mummie and Aunt Merva came in to say 'Good night,' I heard auntie say how fond you were of me, and mummie said, 'Yes and I know some one else he's very fond of, too, or would be if she'd let him,' and auntie went quite funny, and said: 'Don't be ridiklus, Daisy'—Daisy's what daddy calls mummie—but mummie only laughed and said: 'I don't think you're always kind to him.'"

Kathleen stopped to take breath after this long recital, and then went on: "So after mummie went down stairs, and auntie brought me a sweetie fore I fell 'sleep, I asked if it was true if you liked some little girl better'n me. Auntie said, 'Perhaps not, sometimes.' Then I said she ought to love you like I did, 'cos you were lonely and had no nice little girl of your own like my daddy had. Then she stooped down to kiss me and her cheek was quite wet, just as if she'd been crying. I've never seen Auntie Merva cry before."

There was a serious look in Kathleen's blue eyes.

"What made Auntie Merva cry, do you think?" she asked, quite distressed.

"I think I can guess," I said, and with a full heart I kissed the little upturned face.

Kathleen had told me something that I wanted to know—something that I have been grateful to her for telling me all my life.

EL DORADO.

The golden glory of the morn
Fast fades to dewy night;
Then swift the darkling hours march
Into the hurrying light.
Still burns the desert underfoot,
Still lures the magic West,
To where the wealth of India
Shall crown our weary quest.

A thousand leagues of battle,
A thousand days of pain,
The cry of stricken comrades,
The parched bones of the slain—
All these we leave behind us,
Forgotten by the way;
Somewhere beyond the desert lies
The Land of Holiday!

Dark forests pressed upon us,
Strange rivers barred the path;
In vain the bitter tempest broke
In impotence of wrath.
Through want and danger, toil and gloom,
We struggle on and on;
So only is the Lavish Land
Of peace and plenty won!

But sometimes, when I lie awake,
My rusty mail unbraced,
By dinted sword and battered shield
Beside my pillow placed,
I question—what if baleful chance
To our undoing move?
What if that distant Land of Gold
A ghastly phantom prove?

And when my inmost soul responds
With vallant words and true,
And bids me follow to the end
These roads forever new:
For whether at their end we find
Or gold or worthless dross,
We've dared a great adventure,
And the issue is not loss!

We've known the joy of battle;
We've borne the flag of Spain
Where never man has been before.
Nor man may come again;
We've drained the utmost wine of life,
Yea, to the last strong lees—
What guerdon hath the East to give
Comparable with these?

Each seeks the thing he values most,
To garner or to spend.
Some call it El Dorado.
And some The Journey's End;
Some call it silken robes and gems
To sparkle in the sun;
But I—the Quest alone I seek,
The joy of brave deeds done!

—Youth's Companion.

THE COLOR LINE

A REVIEW

By John Daniels

The Color Line—A Brief in Behalf of the Unborn, by Wm. Benjamin Smith. McClure, Phillips Co., 261 pages. Price \$1.50. A Review by Mr. John Daniels of the South End House, Boston.

William Benjamin Smith of Tulane university, New Orleans, has expressed his views on the Negro problem in a book called "The Color Line."

Says the author in his preface: "The following pages attempt a discussion of the most important question that is likely to engage the attention of the American people for many years and even generations to come," compared with which question "all other matters, as of tariff, of currency, of subsidies, of civil service, of labor and of capital, of education, of forestry, of science and art, and even of religion, sink into insignificance."

Even to "attempt the discussion" of such a question were, it would seem, a task to be approached with awe. The final discussion of such a question could seemingly be arrived at only by the working of many great minds through many years. Mr. Smith, however, has not only attempted the task, but accomplished it, all by himself. This statement is based not on the contents of the book, for therein is little justification for it to be found, but on what Mr. Smith seems to consider the best of arguments—his own word. Says he, in his preface: "The assumed inferiority of both the Negro and the Negroid is argued at length, and proved by a great variety of considerations," and "the notion that this inferiority, now demonstrated, is after all merely cultural and removable by education or other extra organic means, is considered minutely and refuted in every detail and under all disguises." Incidentally "the powerful and authoritative plea of Dr. Boas, for the 'primitives,' is subjected to a searching analysis, with the decisive

result that, in spite of himself, this eminent anthropologist, while denying everything as a whole, affirms everything (contended for by Mr. Smith) in detail." Then to the question, "What then is to become of the Black Man?" The answer is rendered, "Finally, the growth rate, the birth rate, the death rate, the crime rate, and the anthropometry of the Negro are discussed minutely from every point of view, and the positions of the preceding chapters are bulwarked and buttressed unassailably."

Remark the clear, bold note of certainty in which this outline of accomplishment is recited. The question has been discussed in all thoroughness and minuteness, and has been settled, "unassailably." Let us then harken to peruse this epoch-making exegesis. Wait, though such a work must surely have taken volumes in its completion, and our innate laziness shrinks from going through so much, however good. But no, we find that Mr. Smith's genius enabled him to compress all this addition to human understanding in one small book of 260 pages of wide margins and large print. Wonderful! Wonderful!

Let us now glance into the vest pocket edition of the solution of the greatest question on earth. It is divided into six chapters. In Chapter I Mr. Smith argues that the south cannot afford to deal with Negroes as individuals on their individual merit, but must treat them as a race, for otherwise the purity of the white blood would be menaced. In Chapter II he attempts to demonstrate historically the inferiority of the Negro. In Chapter III he contends that no amount or duration of culture can bridge this chasm of civilization which exists between whites and Negroes. In Chapter IV he replies to Dr. Franz Boas' arguments that achievement is not a sure test of faculty. In Chapter V he predicts the extinction of the American Negro. In Chapter VI this prediction is "bulwarked and buttressed unassailably" by various statistics.

Such is the bare skeleton of Mr. Smith's great work. Into the merit of its arguments, in and of themselves, we have not the space to go. We

have not Mr. Smith's knack of compressing to a sufficient degree. Then, besides, we have Mr. Smith's own statement as to the correctness of his contentions. So we are going to restrict ourselves to a few minor comments on the author's reasoning and method of procedure.

In the first place, it might seem to readers of ordinary understanding that Mr. Smith is not quite accurate in defining the real point at issue. Says he, the issue is: "blood," the "continuous germ plasma" of the Caucasian race." But immediately afterwards he makes an admission which might appear to some to contain the real issue. The paragraph reads thus, "It may be too much to affirm that in all extra social matters in politics, in business, in literature, in science, in art, everywhere but in society, even the best sentiment in the south is eager to give the Negro strict justice, or ample scope, or free opportunity. Southerners are merely human." How many, and particularly many Negroes, would contend that these are the real issues—"strict justice," ample scope," "free opportunity." However, Mr. Smith insists that "blood" is the real issue, even if only a semi-conscious one. Then assuming this premise, he lays down the proposition that "the south (is) justified in absolute denial of social equality. To the Negro, no matter what his virtues or abilities, or accomplishments."

"This she **must** do in behalf of her blood," for "once the middle wall of social partition broken down," intermarriage would follow, and "as a race, the southern Caucasian would be irreversibly doomed." To this proposition also many might object, maintaining that social equality would not necessarily tend to intermarriage. Mr. Smith, however, assumes this outcome to be quite inevitable. And from any who are willing to contemplate and accept this inevitable (by assumption) miscegenation, Mr. Smith turns away his face." The notion of social racial equality is abhorrent alike to instinct and to reason, for it flies in the face of the process of the same, it runs counter to the methods of the mind of God."

No wonder Mr. Smith has been able to settle this great question. For is he not conversant with the "methods of the mind of God?" He takes considerable freedom in dealing with the "word of God," however. For in Chapter I he objects to the statement that God "hath made of one (blood) all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth" as not being written by an ethnologist, but he is perfectly willing to preface Chapter II on the inferiority of the Negro by the biblical quotation, "All flesh is not the same flesh. . . Has differeth from star in glory," apparently not thinking the views of an ethnologist requisite at this point. Indeed, these instances point a general trait of Mr. Smith's lofty intellect; he is no slave to the opinions of God or man, but accepts them only at points where they agree with his own. Further along in this second chapter he finds one of "two world-renowned metropolitan journals asserting that "No evidence has yet been adduced which proves that the Negro is physically, intellectually, essentially, necessarily an inferior race," and he says, "When we first meet with such denials we are almost dumb-founded," etc. This is his usual manner of meeting adverse argument. Further on he admits that intermixture of races has been championed by distinguished ethnologists, but of their opinion he disposes by saying they have made a "grave error in science," for which error, however, he is lenient enough to release them from "moral reproach."

Enough has been said to indicate the general character of the book. The author does not hold himself to the slow (if sure) method of convincing reasoning with due consideration of all arguments pro and con. He relies rather on the rare and more divine method of inspiration. To those minds who are in sympathy with the inspirational treatment of grave current problems, Mr. Smith's book will be a tremendous satisfaction, but to ordinary minds which have to depend on logical reasoning, his essay may not be taken so seriously as he takes it himself.

JOHN DANIELS.

WHAT AFRICA ASKS.

It is but very little that we ask—the right to work on our own soil, among our own people, ruled by some, at any rate, of our own rulers, and to be permitted to eat and drink what we think good for us, instead of having deadly poison poured down our throats. Even if foreign powers should for a time be financial losers, they cannot eventually be anything but gainers—aided by a country almost unlimited in its capabilities, and the willing, grateful service of 20,000,000 of people, rescued from the moral as well as physical death now staring them in the face. They will not have the obstacles presented to them in their own country; all will be with them in this crusade; leaders and people alike are stretching out their hands for aid. We appeal, not to England, not to France, not to Germany, not to other empires and states, but to the consciences of the individual men forming such nations. We appeal, not for a gift of favor, but for our right. Even as the Americans appealed for their rights, and obtained them by heroic measures, so do we claim the right for "freedom to worship God," and to worship him by sobriety, industry, good will and all the Christian graces.—From "Africa's Appeal to Christendom," in the Century.

SHE WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

A young man began visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well-pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work tonight."

"What! do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man; "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man and has one of

the best women in the country for his wife. The lady who disliked the name of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable sot, a regular vagrant about grog-shops, and the soft, verdant and miserable girl is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

Do you dislike the name of mechanic—you whose brothers are nothing but well-dressed loafers?

We pity any girl who has so little brains, who is so verdant, so soft, as to think less of a young man because he is a mechanic—one of God's noblemen—the most dignified and honored of heaven's personages. Beware, young lady, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may be menial to one of them yourself.

NEGRO REWARDED.

George E. Ellis, the Colored laborer at the Washington barracks reservation, who is credited with having saved the statue of Frederick the Great from damage, if not from destruction, has received official acknowledgment of his action in a personal letter of commendation from Secretary Taft as follows:

"The chief of engineers, U. S. A., has submitted to the department an official statement of your action at the War College grounds, Washington, D. C., in preventing injury to statue of Frederick the Great through the explosion of a package of dynamite near the statue with malicious intent. It appears that you saw the package with smoking fuse attached to a fence in the immediate vicinity of the statue and that without regard to the consequences to yourself you promptly removed the package and threw it away to a safe distance. The resulting explosion knocked you down and injured the hearing of one ear. Your conduct on that occasion was most praiseworthy and the department makes this official acknowledgment of your act in order that the permanent record thereof may in some measure serve as a reward and testimonial to an old and faithful employe of the engineering department of the army."

Alexander's Magazine

CHARLES ALEXANDER
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

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EDITORIAL.

The Negro physician or barrister-at-law who would succeed in the city of Boston must have a large view of life and of the objects of life, he must have superior intelligence, considerable thrift and remarkable ability, for he must demonstrate that he is a real lawyer or a real doctor. We remember having heard an old lady ask concerning a Colored physician who had just moved into her community whether or not this individual was a real doctor. Very few among the Negroes or white people of New England entertain anything like a firm belief that the Negro is susceptible of the same sort of training and general culture that is proven true of the professional white man. The Negro, therefore, must be superior in many things if he would measure up to his white neighbor. In the city of Boston we have upward of 15 Colored lawyers and about 10 physicians. The number of lawyers and doctors which we have in the city of Boston are out of proportion to the number you would find in any southern city of the same Negro population, and if these men have been able to succeed at all, their success has been largely due to the fact that many of their clients and many of their patients are to be found among the white population. The color line is not drawn very closely in

the professions. The professional Negro if he has talent and an engaging personality will attract to him a fair percentage of the practice among all classes regardless of race, color or creed. Among the physicians in this city who have succeeded admirably in demonstrating fitness for the practice of medicine we wish to name Dr. Isaac L. Roberts, Dr. Samuel E. Courtney and Dr. John B. Hall. Among the dentists Dr. George F. Grant, Dr. Richard B. Galloway, Dr. William H. Gilbert and Dr. Charles G. Stewart; and among the lawyers Mr. Butler R. Wilson, Mr. Edgar R. Benjamin, Mr. Edward Everett Brown, Mr. James H. Wolff, Johnson W. Ramsey, Clifford H. Plummer and William J. Williams. Of course there are others who are having what we would regard an indifferent success. They are not starving but at the same time they are not distinguishing themselves in any marked degree. The men whom we have named are well known among both white and Colored populations of the city and share a large practice among all classes. Dr. Thomas W. Patrick occupies a most unique position among the professional men. He came to this country from the West Indies to study pharmaceuticals and medicine and whether prompted by some suggestion of a college professor or taking the initiative himself, it matters not, he opened a school of pharmacy and his success as a teacher in preparing young men and young women for the practice of pharmacy and for the examinations of the various New England States has been remarkable. His institution is conducted at 19 Essex street and is well attended. His classes are made up of students from this state, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire and a few from Vermont. These young men and women are all of the white race, came in answer to advertisements which Dr. Patrick inserted in the various daily newspapers as well as the local weekly newspapers in the towns and cities of the states which I have just named. We do not know what the impression of the average young man is when he finds that Dr. Patrick is a Colored man but this we know, that after having prepared

themselves for the examination of the state board of pharmacy in the various states they have only the highest praise for the work which Dr. Patrick is conducting. Dr. Grant some 15 or 20 years ago while studying in Paris invented an artificial palate and gained international recognition as a dentist. He has made a small fortune on his invention and his practice is among the very best element of white people in the Back Bay. We understand that his prices are also beyond the reach of the average working man and woman, but we cannot in such a brief period of time particularize as to the various subjects in the progress of the professional Negroes of Boston. All we can say is that taken as a class, the professional Negro has succeeded admirably in demonstrating his ability and attracting to himself the sort of patronage that makes his profession self-supporting and respectable.

The reader if he has ever lived in a great city may have noticed how one of those big sky scrapers by modern methods of skilled engineering, seem to shoot up to completion in a night, so to speak; but in contemplating this wonderful growth of the skyscraper, you must think of the days and weeks and months of hard toil that were spent on the foundation far below the pavement. You must think of the digging out of the damp, heavy soil, of the pile-driving, of the tons of steel, and iron and granite and mortar which went into the foundation down 50 or 100 feet below the sidewalk, all that the foundation might be substantial and enduring. It seems to us that a very important lesson may be drawn from this picture of the steel framed sky scraper. In life or in any of the pursuits of life very much depends on the foundation and by this we really mean character, for character is the foundation of life. It is the personality as distinguished from the person. In a business career the hardest work is at the start—getting the thing to the paying point. The safety of the superstructure depends on how firmly, by hon-

est dealings and straightforward business methods, a foundation is laid in the confidence of creditors and customers.

Morris K. Jesup is president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, president of the American Museum of Natural History, and a director in numerous public and private enterprises, but with all his business and personal cares a great part of his time as well as his fortune is devoted to charity. There are few men who look personally into philanthropic and charitable work as Mr. Jesup does.

Unquestionably John D. Rockefeller gives more to educational work than any other man. No one knows exactly the extent of his donations. He is known to have given away more than \$35,000,000, more than one-third of which—\$13,000,000—was given to Chicago university.

Andrew Carnegie, however, has been a greater giver than Rockefeller. Carnegie's gifts have been for the establishment of libraries. He has already given away more than \$90,000,000. Of this sum the United States has received \$68,517,472, Scotland \$17,713,750, Holland \$1,750,000, England and Wales \$1,354,500, Canada \$1,010,000, Ireland \$315,000, and Cuba \$252,000.

REV. HENRY J. CALLIS, D. D.

Rev. Henry J. Callis, D. D., the present pastor of the A. M. E. Zion church in Boston, Mass., was born in Mathews county, Virginia, about the year 1858. His early life was spent in Suffolk county, New York.

He joined Zion at Riverhead, N. Y., under the pastorate of Rev. E. S. Prime; in December, 1874, was licensed a local preacher under the pastorate of Rev. G. C. Carter, at Rochester, N. Y. In 1888 was ordained deacon at Elmira, N. Y., by Bishop J. P. Thompson, D. D., and in 1891 received his first appointment to our church in Ithaca, N. Y.

Rev. Callis is a graduate of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va. He also received instruction at Cornell Univer-

sity, while a pastor in Ithaca, N. Y. The degree of D. D. was conferred on him by Livingstone college.

He is meeting with splendid success as pastor of our church in Boston, and is certainly well qualified for the highest position of honor and responsibility in the church.

Artistic revivals of classic plays each spring with extraordinary casts have become a regular custom with Liebler & Co. Their offering this year is Oliver Goldsmith's immortal comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," acted by a company including Eleanor Robson, Kyrle Bellew, Louis James, J. E. Dodson, Isabel Irving, Frank Mills, Sidney Drew and Mrs. Calvert of London. Previous notable revivals by Liebler & Co. were "In a Balcony," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Hunchback" and "The Two Orphans."

James J. Corbett, who is to star next season under the management of Henry B. Harris, has blossomed forth as a lyric tenor, and is scoring a hit with several musical numbers in "Around Chicago," now being presented in the Windy City.

Mme. Modjeska is quoted as saying, "I think the tendency to naturalistic acting is entirely too strong today. It may do very well for some of the intensely modern plays, but it is, of course, out of the question for Shakespeare or any of the classics. Art can never be nature. Acting realistically means most of the time that an actor is merely playing himself. For that reason so few of the modern actors play "Shakespeare well." Modjeska, as it seems to us, has put her finger upon the real cause of the decline of histrionic art. It seems no longer to be the rule for actors to indulge in imagination, or to make appeal to the imaginative faculties of their audiences, upon the theory, probably, that the reign of romance is ended and the regime of sober common sense begun, that theatrical audiences have no longer the time nor the inclination to give to the beautiful in word-painting or to psychological subtlety, but must have everything open and above board,

everything as plain as a pikestaff or the nose on your face. Doubtless this accounts for the ruthless treatment which Shakespearian plays usually receive nowadays, which rubs off their beautiful pile of imagery, leaving naught but threadbare commonplace for the unpoetical, matter-of-fact spectator to gaze upon. But we are fain to believe that theatregoers are as fond of poesy as ever they were, or would be as fond of it were it given them, and that the cause of the present prominence of naturalism is to be found not with them, but with the theatrical managers, who are as a rule utterly free from any poetical taint, and are in business solely for the money that can be got out of it. Being utilitarian themselves, they naturally presume that utilitarian, the natural, the realistic, or whatever you may choose to call it, is the moving principle with other people. Hence it is that they no longer select companies of actors for parts in dramas, but construct dramas to fit the personalities of the players. That is to say, they expect and demand that each actor shall play himself. That a great many actors succeed perfectly in doing this shows how well they understand what is required of them, and it shows also how easily the thing is done. We have still among us several worthy exponents of Shakespeare and of the imaginative drama generally, but the outlook for the future is not reassuring.

"LUCK."

The boy who's always wishing

That this or that might be,

But never tries his mettle,

Is the boy that's bound to see

His plans all come to failure,

His hopes end in defeat,

For that's what comes when wishing

And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing

Or that thing with a will

That spurs him on to action,

And keeps him trying still

When effort meets with failure,

Will some day surely win,

For he works out what he wishes,

And that's where "luck" comes in!

—Congregationalist.



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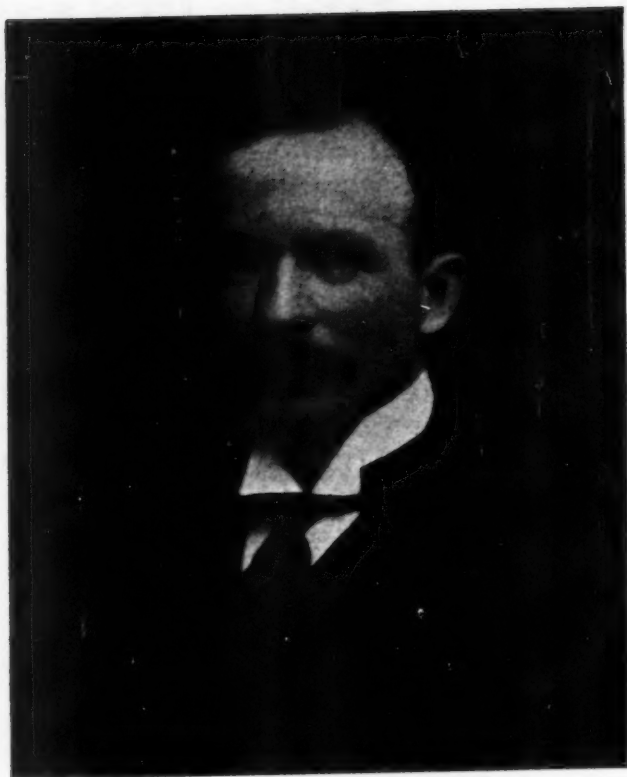
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